

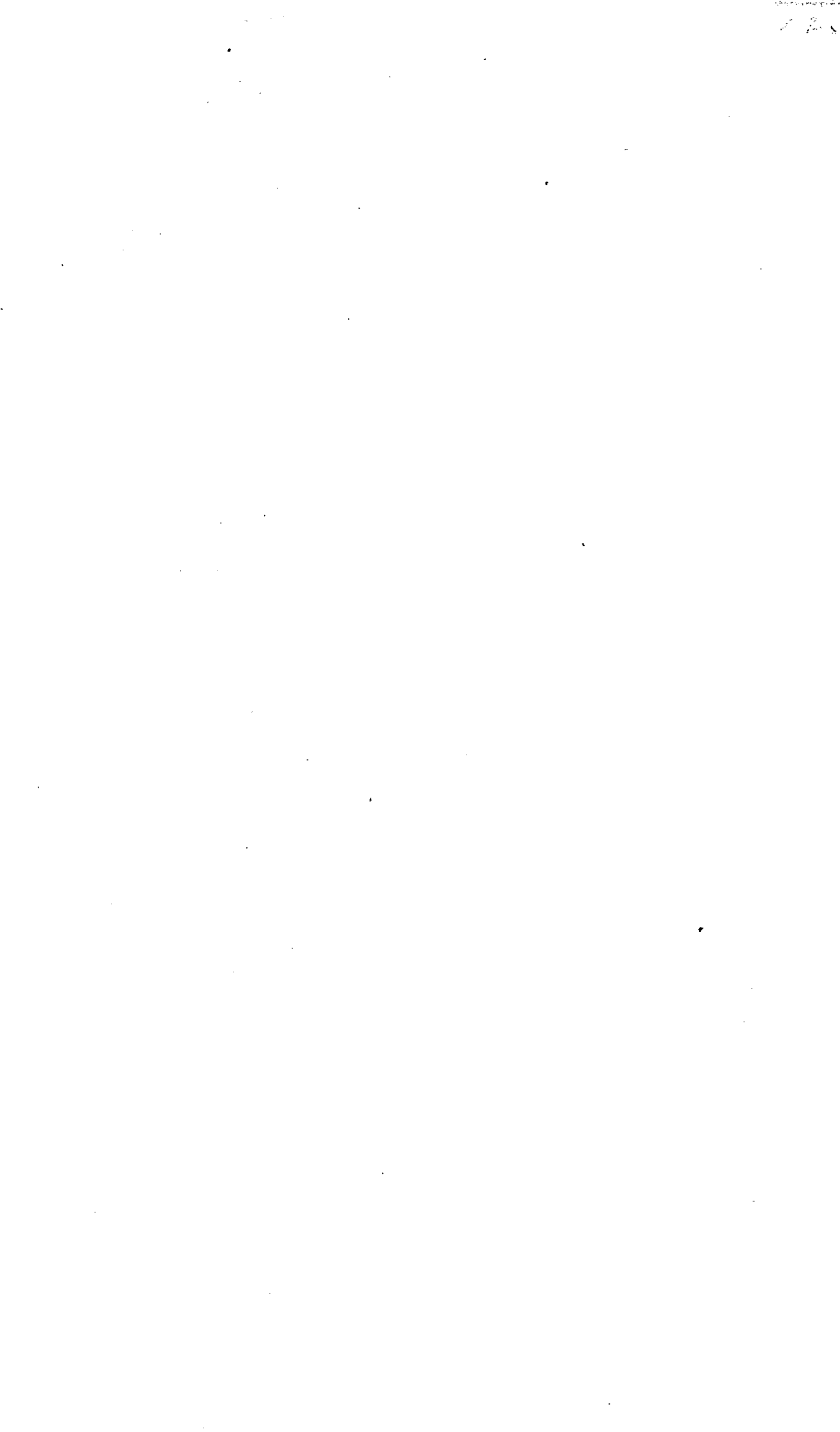
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BY  
J. H. HANSON

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WEEK-DAY SCHOOL SERIES

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# A TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

By

HELEN PATTEN HANSON



THE ABINGDON PRESS

NEW YORK

CINCINNATI



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WHERE A BOY'S LUNCH FED THOUSANDS

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TO MY FATHER  
WHOSE UNFAILING INTEREST AND HELP  
HAVE MADE THESE PAGES POSSIBLE

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## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY.....	7
II. A WEEK ON AN OCEAN LINER.....	14
III. IN THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD....	22
IV. A LETTER ABOUT THE BIBLE.....	29
V. ALMOST TO THE HOLY LAND.....	39
VI. A REUNION AT JAFFA.....	47
VII. ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM.....	55
VIII. A WALK ON A CITY WALL.....	64
IX. WHERE ABRAHAM LIVED.....	73
X. ON JOSEPH'S TRAIL.....	81
XI. WHERE THE ISRAELITES BECAME SLAVES..	90
XII. STRANGE SIGHTS IN OLD EGYPT.....	99
XIII. THREE HOURS OR FORTY YEARS.....	107
XIV. TWO STRANGE SWIMMING PLACES.....	115
XV. TENT DWELLERS.....	122
XVI. A HIKE TO THE HOME OF SAUL.....	130
XVII. WHERE RUTH GLEANED IN THE FIELDS..	138
XVIII. WHERE A SHEPHERD BOY WAS ANOINTED KING.....	145
XIX. A WONDERFUL ROCK.....	154
XX. THE COUNTRY OF THE SAMARITANS.....	161
XXI. A LITTLE GROUP OF FAITHFUL PEOPLE...	169
XXII. SPEAKERS FOR GOD.....	176
XXIII. CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.....	183
XXIV. WHERE THE BOY JESUS LIVED.....	192
XXV. "COME, FOLLOW ME".....	200
XXVI. A MOUNTAIN WHERE JESUS TAUGHT....	208
XXVII. WHERE A BOY'S LUNCH FED THOUSANDS..	215
XXVIII. A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.....	223
XXIX. TWO SACRED MEMORIALS.....	230
XXX. THE WAY OF THE CROSS.....	239
XXXI. EASTER IN JERUSALEM.....	244
XXXII. THE END OF THE TRIP.....	252



## ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

	PAGE
WHERE A BOY'S LUNCH FED THOUSANDS....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.....	25
BIBLE SCROLL.....	30
MODERN MAP OF MEDITERRANEAN AND SURROUND- ING COUNTRIES.....	Facing 39
OUTLINE MAP OF PALESTINE BY DICK.....	48
REEFS OUTSIDE OF JAFFA.....	50
MAP OF PALESTINE.....	60
MAP OF JERUSALEM TO-DAY.....	67
JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.....	71
A BEDOUIN CHIEF.....	74
CAMELIERS IN THE DESERT.....	87
DOWN INTO EGYPT.....	91
A WATER-CARRIER.....	96
AN ARAB VILLAGE AND A PYRAMID.....	104
PERIOD OF THE WILDERNESS WANDERINGS (1200- 1150 B. C.).....	Facing 107
THE JORDAN.....	117
A BEDOUIN MEAL.....	124
A SHEPHERD GUARDING HIS FLOCK.....	132
GLEANERS IN THE FIELDS OF BOAZ.....	141
TWO GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM.....	146
THE ANOINTING OF DAVID.....	150
WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.....	159
COOKING OUT OF DOORS.....	163
THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.....	187
THE CALL OF ANDREW AND PETER.....	203
THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.....	209
TIBERIAS AND LAKE GALILEE.....	220
A JEWISH FATHER.....	232
A STREET IN JERUSALEM.....	239
MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHER.....	245



## CHAPTER I

### PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY

DICK was fairly bursting with excitement. Without waiting to finish his breakfast he rushed off to school with the wonderful news.

"Mother says we're to start day after to-morrow," he told the boys and girls on the playground. "I'm to go with Uncle Jack, you know. He worked for a big newspaper before the war, and now they're sending him back to write about the countries that have been fighting. This is my last day at school! Hooray!"

"But you haven't told us where you are going, nor how long you are to be gone," exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Oh, to England! And then on to Jerusalem to meet my father; he's there for the government. Probably I shall spend all winter with him in Palestine. Uncle Jack says it is a wonderful place."

The school bell rang and Dick whispered his news to the teacher as he passed in. Miss Merton understood why Dick missed several problems that day and did not seem much interested in his grammar or spelling. Only during the geography lesson did he brighten up. He expected

## 8 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

to explore for himself before many days certain queer-looking yellow, blue, and red countries shown on the map.

When at last he hurried home after school Dick had promised to send Rob and Jimmie as many letters as he could manage, and they in turn were to write him steamer messages. For Ted he was to collect foreign postage stamps for his stamp album. He had agreed, too, to send Miss Merton reports about the places he visited, and she was to read his letters to the geography class. "And, of course," said Dick, at the supper table, "I must write to mother, and I'll send sister post-cards from all the interesting places." Eight-year-old Ruth clapped her hands with delight.

The next day came the packing. Dick's eyes opened wide when he saw a new little steamer trunk for his things, and watched various new garments appear from their hiding places in his mother's room. For his mother had kept the trip a secret until all the arrangements were made.

"We must provide for both winter and summer weather," said mother. "On cold, blowy days you will want the snuggest coat in your trunk, but if you are down in Africa, my boy will find the sun so hot that he may take on a good coat of tan."

So in went new sets of warm underwear and wool stockings, together with thin outfits for warm days. Then came warm blouses and cool

blouses and the best-looking little tweed suit and several light cotton suits. Dick was fascinated with his shiny new "slicker" and cap, and hoped there would be plenty of rainy weather. Along with the red sweater which his mother had knit were put shoes and gloves and handkerchiefs and such things. There was the gift for Dick's father, a beautifully finished picture of the three of them, mother, Ruth, and Dick, set in a simple silver frame. Right beside this mother placed a small book with blank pages for the diary Dick was to keep, and a little writing case with a new fountain pen and letter paper. In a place especially reserved for it was Dick's Bible. "It's almost as good as Christmas," said Dick, "so many new things all at once." Then his mother whispered to him that little sister had offered to wait for her new coat and shoes so Dick could have all he needed now. But she did not tell him that she too must make her old suit do for another season so the money would stretch farther. That is the way of mothers.

One mysterious package tucked in a corner Dick did not discover until he was on board ship out on the ocean. It contained a geography game from sister, a real Kodak from mother, a box of cookies, nuts, and raisins from Susan, the cook, and a packet of steamer letters, one for each day of the trip, written by his mother. On top of all was finally placed a warm, soft steamer rug, dark red plaid on one side and black on the

## 10 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

other. Then the lid was locked down and the trunk was ready.

When Dick's mother came to tuck him in as usual that night, his last night at home, they talked about the trip, and the little things Dick must remember in caring for his clothes and keeping well and making Uncle Jack glad he had Dick for a traveling companion.

"One last story, mother," begged Dick as she started to say good night.

"It must be a short one then, Dickie."

He nestled close against her while she told him the story of a schoolboy in England, the first country he was to visit.

"Arthur Stanley was an English boy who went away from his home to the great school for boys at Rugby. Arthur was a timid little fellow, but he wasn't afraid to do what he thought was right. At home he had learned to say his evening prayer at his bedside, never missing a night. But the first night at school, in the dormitory where the boys slept in rows of little white beds, he saw them all tumbling into bed without a moment of prayer. For an instant Arthur hesitated to follow his home custom and say his prayers, for he was new and strange and alone, and he was afraid of what the other boys might think.

"But Arthur remembered his home, and his father and mother who had taught him that God would always be with him and help him if he did what he thought was right. Then he quietly



## PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY 11

dropped down on his knees and said his prayers more earnestly than ever.

"For a moment a hush came over the room. The boys were astonished to see this new boy kneel in prayer while the rest were shouting and laughing. But only for a moment. The next instant they began to pelt him with anything they could reach. Pillows and shoes came his way, but still Arthur kept on with his devotions until gradually the noise subsided and he rose and slipped into bed.

"The next night two or three other boys knelt by their beds. The new boy had given them courage. In a week there were still others. The boys were finding out that Arthur was not just 'putting on' nor trying to show he was a bit more pious than they were. They found that he made the best kind of a companion in their games, and a staunch friend, and that he was never afraid to be made fun of when he stood up for what he knew was right.

"One night afterward when many of the boys in the dormitory had begun again to say their evening prayer each night, one of the boys said to Arthur: 'We were all cowards. We all knew we ought to pray at night; we were taught that way at home. We were all afraid of each other.'

"And, Dick, that fine school at Rugby, still one of the most noted schools in England, is very proud to-day that Arthur Stanley was one of

## 12 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

its pupils. He became one of the great men of England, and was given a position of high honor in the church as Dean of Westminster."

Dick was thoughtful a minute and then, "Tell me one more story, mother; that was fine."

"Not to-night, Dick, but I can tell you where to find another story almost like the one I have just told. It is one you have heard before. It is found in a certain book that is packed in your trunk. The boy's name was Daniel. He lived many hundreds of years ago. He left his own home and went into a country called Persia. And because he dared to pray and do what he thought was right even when he was in danger of losing his life, God was with him and protected him. Do you remember now?"

"Was it Daniel in the lions' den, mother?"

"Yes. You can read it over again when you are on shipboard."

Dick's mother paused a moment. Then she leaned down and kissed him and said quietly: "There are other things besides saying his prayers that I think Arthur Stanley must have been careful about if his playmates loved and respected him so much. The real test of a boy, Richard, is what he is when he is away from home."

She said good night and slipped out. After she was gone Dick tumbled out of bed and said his prayers over again before he snuggled down under the covers to dream of adventures that were to come.

## PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY 13

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. In what countries would Dick need his warmest clothing? his coolest clothing?
2. After you have read the story see how long a list you can write down of the things Dick had packed for his journey.
3. Tell the story of Arthur Stanley. Why did the boys admire Arthur?
4. Tell the story about Daniel (found in Daniel, chapter 6).

## CHAPTER II

### A WEEK ON AN OCEAN LINER

BRIGHT and early in the morning Dick and Uncle Jack were ready to start. Besides mother and Ruth, a crowd of the boys were at the station to see them off. Dick felt very important and yet very little as the big train pulled out of the station and they were really off for Europe.

In two hours they were in Chicago, where they changed to the through train for New York. They reached New Jersey at twilight the next night, crossed over on the ferry, had supper in New York, then a dazzling ride on top of a bus up and down Fifth Avenue, and finally drove down to the dock to go on board the great, black steamer.

Dick had never imagined anything as huge as that ocean liner. Standing on the dock below he could just see the railing of the deck above him. They went up and up on the long gangplank with railings on each side, and were immediately ushered to their stateroom by a man in a white jacket called a steward. Uncle Jack laughed as he watched Dick exploring everything in that tiny room before he would start for bed. There were the two berths all made up for the night. Of

course he would take the upper one, for it was easier for him to climb up than for Uncle Jack. Yes, and there were the life-preservers—he would try his on in the morning. And what a funny little place to wash! It let down from the wall just like a writing desk and had regular faucets over the bowl and a tank beneath to catch the waste water. He peered out through the big round porthole and saw the passengers still coming on the ship. They had all night to come, for the time of sailing was set for six in the morning. Dick was so happy and excited that when he and Uncle Jack knelt by their queer little beds all the prayer he could say was, "Thank you! Thank you!" and "Please take care of mother and Peggy." He went to sleep to the sound of the great baggage derrick lifting trunks in its iron fingers from the dock into the hold of the ship.

"Hustle up, old chap, if you want to see her pull out."

It was Uncle Jack at five forty-five in the morning. Dick tumbled out of bed and was on deck in a twinkling. Everyone else was out too. The dock was crowded with people waving good-by. The ship's whistle blew several deafening blasts. The gangplank disappeared. The band started the "Star-Spangled Banner." Slowly the dock moved away from them and Dick realized that they were actually starting downstream. Two saucy little tugs helped the monster ship

## 16 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

back around and escorted her out of the harbor.

What a thrill went through Dick as they slowly passed the great Statue of Liberty! "It is *my* country," he thought, "my country that she stands for." He whipped out the little silk flag of stars and stripes that was to be his constant companion. Never had he felt more proud of it. He found himself waving it and shouting as if he were at a baseball game. At last the statue faded against the sky line; a stiff breeze began to blow; they were out to sea.

The next three days should be passed over lightly. Dick had time to enjoy his first meal in the ship's dining room, and to read a surprising batch of steamer letters from the folks at home. But soon that stiff breeze began its work with the waves and the ship, and he was forced to retire to his berth to spend some unhappy hours wondering why stomachs are so constructed as to spoil a boy's fun just at the most exciting place.

But once on deck again Dick made up for lost time. Nothing escaped him. He was the first to spy a whale. He was the center of the fun in playing the deck games of shuffle-board, hopscotch, and ring-toss. In the ship's library he discovered some splendid sea stories, and he read them by the hour, curled up in his steamer chair on the deck.

And then the meals; Dick had a great deal

## A WEEK ON AN OCEAN LINER 17

to write home about them. "Think of it, mother, almost six meals a day. First there is breakfast; then bouillon and sandwiches on deck at ten; lunch at one, tea or coffee at four—that doesn't amount to much because, of course, I don't drink either of them—dinner at seven with everyone dressed in his best and a band concert afterward. Then if you want another bite to eat before you go to bed, you can have it. One day we went through quite a storm and they shut us all in from the decks. We had funny racks on the table to keep the dishes from chasing each other from one side to the other. They say that that night the captain stayed up on the bridge all night, and one of the officers was up in the crow's nest."

Dick was enjoying himself hugely. But there were certain tasks that he put first each day. Once they were done he felt free to have a glorious good time. First he wrote in his diary what had happened the day before. Then he opened his mother's letter for the day and followed instructions. Each letter held some jolly surprise—a make-believe box of pills, a nonsense rime, or a comic picture; and each letter had a list of things to find out or do, such as: "*What is the Statue of Liberty? Write me the most interesting facts you can learn about an ocean liner. Find out where and how big England is. What is the 'crow's nest' on a ship and what is its use?*"

Sunday was a most interesting day. Dick

## 18 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

had been afraid it would be "pokey" and stupid. He read his mother's letter, and it said: "*Attend the morning service and write me what most interested you in it.*"

"*Learn the first verse of the hymn, 'Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.'*"

"*Read Psalm 24. 1-5 and decide which verse you like best and why.*"

Dick went to work at once. He had studied the Bible passage, and had his hymn verse about learned when the passengers assembled in the big dining room for worship. The captain conducted the service. A young man, formerly a chaplain in the army, spoke briefly, and then, to Dick's surprise, they all joined in the hymn that he had just been learning.

But the real event of the day came later. In the afternoon Dick found a group of passengers in the saloon telling war experiences. The chief story-teller was the young chaplain, who had seen a good deal of war life at sea. One story in particular held Dick's attention.

"He was a splendid young English lad," the chaplain began. "He had had no military training nor experience before the war came on, but was acting as a junior officer on an Atlantic steamer. His ship was used to transport munitions and other supplies from the United States to England. One morning, only a few hours from their destination, a submarine appeared on the port side and began shelling them. At once



## A WEEK ON AN OCEAN LINER 19

the lifeboats were let down and part of the crew left the ship. You see, they hoped in this way to give the impression that the vessel was abandoned, so that the enemy would stop shelling and come up to capture it. In that case the men remaining on board would spring into life and overpower them. If the ship should be bombed, all was lost, but if they could work this plan, they might hope to save their ship, their cargo, and themselves, as well as to capture important prisoners.

"The men that were left lay motionless on the deck. One of them was this junior officer. A shot passed into the hold directly under him and started a fire. He was lying flat on top of the hatch that led into that hold. There was ammunition in the hold and the young man knew it. The fire would inevitably reach it. If he moved to save himself, and the enemy saw him, all was lost. If he stayed, the explosion that must come would probably mean instant death to him; but even then there would still be a chance that the others might be saved, and it was their only chance. Deliberately he chose to lie there quietly with the black smoke pouring up around him, waiting for the fire to eat its way into the ammunition.

"The explosion came. By some miracle the boy was not killed, though he was terribly mutilated, especially in the face. The enemy submarine submerged and disappeared. The English

## 20 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

crew were saved, though what became of the ship I did not learn."

The chaplain had apparently finished his tale, but Dick was not satisfied. "Didn't anything happen to him after that?" He ventured to ask.

"Why, yes, Dick. There is a jolly ending to this story that I almost forgot. You see there were so many splendid fellows in the war who played the hero without one word of recognition that one rather forgets the honors that may come afterward. They took this young man to the hospital of course. In the meantime the story of his bravery was spread abroad. The day he was dismissed from the hospital he received orders to report immediately, just as he was, to the Admiralty, the headquarters of the navy in London. The order embarrassed him. How could he appear before his superiors with an old oil-skin jacket on and everything about him looking the worse for wear? It was Sunday and there was no opportunity to get a new outfit. But he knew he had to go.

"When he arrived at the Admiralty he met further embarrassment. In spite of his protests they sent him at once to Sandringham, one of the royal residences. There the king's own carriage met him. He was taken to the king's palace, where, dressed in his oil-skin coat, he received from the hands of George the Fifth the Victoria Cross."

Dick was content with this ending. He slipped

## A WEEK ON AN OCEAN LINER 21

out on the deck to think over the events of the day. It had been a wonderful Sunday. And England lay ahead!

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Mark on a map the route you would take from your town to New York and across to England.
2. Follow the instructions given in Dick's letters from his mother, doing just what she asked Dick to do.
3. What is the Victoria Cross? Why was the young officer worthy of the Victoria Cross?

## CHAPTER III

### IN THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD

"LAND! land!" Dick rushed around to the other side of the ship, and there, sure enough, was the first shadowy outline of the coast of England. A few hours more and they were steaming up to the great docks of one of the largest harbors in the world, at Liverpool. Actually in England! Dick pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming.

They were almost sorry to leave the big ship that had been their home for over a week. But soon Dick found himself on the train for London and everything else was forgotten in the interesting new sights. It was a very different train from the one he had left in New York; the cars and engine were much smaller than he had expected. Instead of getting on at one end and walking through to their seats, they entered one of a row of doors on the side that opened into little compartments with seats facing each other across the car, accommodating eight or ten passengers. When the train pulled out, the doors on each side of the car were locked and not opened again until the next station. Uncle Jack

said that most European trains were built in this way, though some of the more modern trains had a corridor on one side of the compartments.

A two hours' journey and they were in London, the largest city in the world. They went to a hotel that looked to Dick like a palace, and were shown to a neat little room that was to be theirs for a week.

Such busy, happy days as followed. Every morning Dick and his uncle started out to visit some famous place—a palace or a prison, a museum or art gallery, or some wonderful old church. And each night Dick would write in his diary about what he had seen. This is what he wrote home to his teacher and his class at school:

*"My dear Miss Merton: We had a fine trip across the ocean and are in London for a week. London is very big like New York, but it is very different too. There are no blocks of sky-scrapers so high that it hurts a person's neck to look up at them. Some of the streets are narrow, like alleys, and there are queer old buildings all mixed up with fine new ones. Most of the stores don't open until around nine o'clock, and there is not much going on until nearly ten; in fact, I don't believe the people ever really hustle the way we do. They seem to take everything more leisurely, and yet it looks as if they get things done too. When Uncle Jack and I start off at a brisk trot down the street we have to keep dodging around people who are going slower. And do you know,*

## 24 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

it is the custom here in a great many business houses to have afternoon tea. They look on it as one of the regular meals of the day. Perhaps they need it the way we do our bread and jam when we go home hungry after school.

"I never supposed the English language could sound so queer spoken by somebody else. Those who have what is called the 'Cockney' accent I can hardly understand. They pronounce 'a' like long 'i.' One man who had lost his way asked me to tell him the 'we to the styton.' Most of the English speak with a more soft and pleasing accent than we do. Uncle Jack says we could learn a good deal about grace and courtesy of speech from the English.

"Yesterday was Sunday. We went to the service at the big Saint Paul's Cathedral, the fifth largest cathedral in the world. Does the class know what a cathedral is? It is a great Christian church. It is of special importance because it is the church of a bishop, and contains the bishop's chair, or 'cathedra,' as it is called. Uncle Jack says it usually takes years and years to build a cathedral because they put so much work on it to make it beautiful. There are wonderful churches of this kind all over Europe, and some of them are very famous like Saint Paul's. The largest church in the world is Saint Peter's at Rome. Perhaps I shall see it.

"We meet heroes everywhere on the streets. I can't call them anything else but 'hero' when I



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

## 26 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

see them with an arm or a leg gone, or terribly crippled in some other way. But they seem cheerful just the same. Uncle Jack says the English were splendid about the way they went through the war anyway. It hit them dreadfully hard, as it did most of the countries of Europe. There are few young men left. He says we boys of America especially must grow up strong and brave to take the place of the heroes who died in the war. He says it is just as important to be brave about what we think is right in times of peace as in war, and sometimes it is much harder.

"While we are talking about heroes I want to tell you about a great church we saw that is different from any other church in the world. It is Westminster Abbey, the place where for centuries England has buried her greatest men, as well as her kings and queens. I am sending you a picture so you can see what the outside looks like. It is right near the Houses of Parliament and the Thames River. Now, how old would you suppose it was? It goes away back to the year 616. Seven hundred years ago it was rebuilt so that the present Abbey is seven centuries old.

"Westminster is called England's 'Hall of Fame.' Burial there is the greatest honor England can give to anyone. Some who are not actually buried there have tablets or statues in their memory. On the inside it is like twilight, and the marble columns and the colors and the statues everywhere gave me a queer feeling as if a big



organ were playing somewhere and everyone were praying. It is hard to describe the inside any further except to tell you of some of the men who are honored there. We found the names of inventors and generals and statesmen and poets and musicians and others. What American poet do you suppose I found in one place called 'Poets' Corner'? We learned something last year that he wrote. It ends with:

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

Do you remember?

“Here are the names of other great men found there: Sir Isaac Newton, James Watt, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, John Wesley, Shakespeare, Handel, Tennyson, Livingstone.

“The story of David Livingstone is thrilling. He went all through the jungles of Africa where nobody had dared to go before. He had to fight with lions and make friends with black savages. He did it because he was a Christian missionary. The Africans loved him, and when he died some of those big, black fellows carried his body all the way to the coast and put it on a ship bound for England. But they took his heart and buried it in Africa because he had lived and died for the African people. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and there is a great slab of stone

right in the floor of the main part of the Abbey that tells about him.

"Uncle Jack wishes there could be a Westminster Abbey for some of the everyday people who do great, unselfish things and never get any recognition. But he says the most important thing is not to be famous, but to be heroes whether we are famous or not."

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. On the map of England find Liverpool, London.
2. What is a cathedral? Is there any difference between a cathedral and a church?
3. Some of the famous cathedrals are: Saint Paul's, Saint Peter's, Rheims, Notre Dame, Milan. In a Baedeker Guide Book (found in public libraries) or a cyclopedia, look each of these up, learning where it is located and other facts about it. What cathedral pictures do you know?
4. If we had a Westminster Abbey in this country, what ten great Americans would you say ought to be included among those honored there?
5. What are some of the things it might be harder to be brave about in times of peace than in times of war? Ask your father or mother about this.

## CHAPTER IV

### A LETTER ABOUT THE BIBLE

LONDON, ENGLAND.

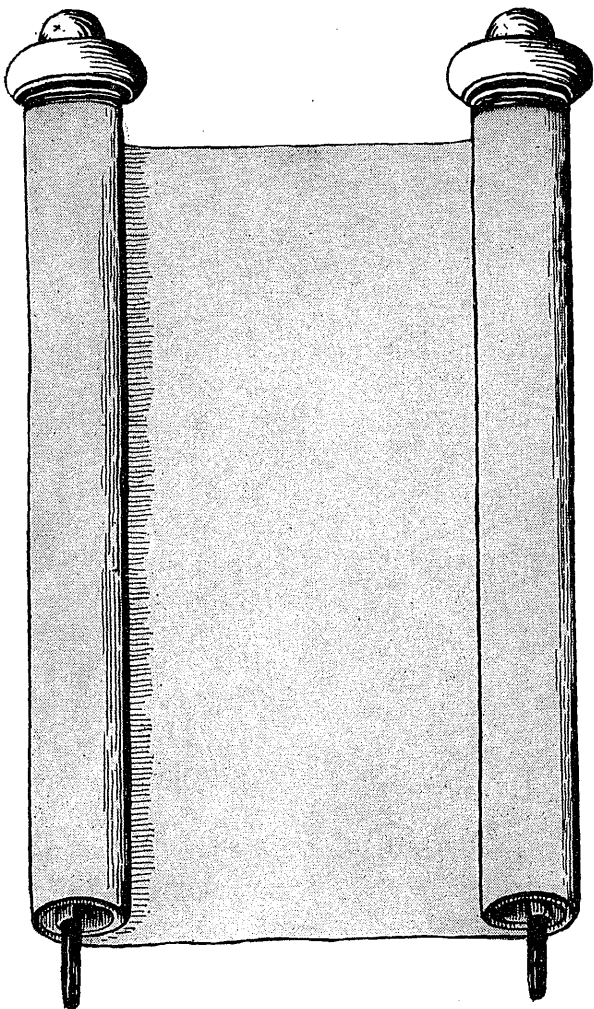
*Mother dear:*

What do you suppose I have been doing the last two days? Trying to answer that big question of yours: "How did we get our English Bible?" Uncle Jack has helped me and it would take me hours to write down all we found out.

I never stopped to think before that the Bible was not written in the English language first. But when I saw all the pages called "manuscripts" in the British Museum and found I could not read one word on them, then, of course, I knew.

The British Museum is the first place Uncle Jack took me. It is a great big building where it seemed to me we walked through miles of rooms looking at queer old vases, and coins, and statues, and armor and other things that show how people used to live.

I was looking at a mummy with a painted face that was dug up in Egypt, when Uncle Jack carried me off to a room where in big glass cases there were all sorts of old Bibles, or parts of the Bible.



BIBLE SCROLL

## A LETTER ABOUT THE BIBLE 31

Some were written on long pieces of paper, made from reeds called papyrus and were rolled up on a stick called a scroll. Uncle Jack says it was probably from a scroll that Jesus read in the synagogue.<sup>1</sup>

Some of the manuscripts were on soft leather called vellum. The very old ones were written in great big letters all run together without any spaces between just as if I should write, "The-LordismyshepherdIshallnotwant."

And, mother, I wish you could see the beautiful way some of the letters are colored! Uncle Jack told me that some of the monks spent years and years copying Bibles by hand and making these wonderful colored letters at the beginning of different sections. Of course all the work had to be done by hand then because printing had not been invented. And the people who did the work knew Greek or Latin or Hebrew, or all three, for those are the languages the Bible was first written in.

Let me see if I can remember what Uncle Jack taught me about the parts of the Bible: The Bible has two main parts, the Old Testament and the New Testament. Of course I knew that before. The Old Testament was first written in Hebrew because it was written by the Hebrews and tells their history, all about Abraham and Moses and the different kings. It tells about their laws like the Ten Commandments. And it tells what their

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<sup>1</sup>Luke 4.17.

## 32 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

great men, called prophets and priests, said and did. There are some poems in it too that the Hebrews used to sing when they worshiped God; most of them are in the book of Psalms. All of this is written down in thirty-nine separate books. I have learned the name of every one of them.

The New Testament was written in Greek first because that was most used in Palestine when Jesus lived. First there are the four stories about Jesus called "Gospels." Then comes a book telling how the followers of Jesus started churches and traveled about as missionaries. This is called "Acts." Then come several letters called "Epistles" that the missionary Paul and others wrote to the new churches and different people. And last there is a queer book called Revelation, that Uncle Jack says I don't need to understand about just now. The New Testament has twenty-seven books.

There! did I get all of that right?

Now I want to tell you about two big men who had most to do with writing the Bible in English. They are John Wyclif and William Tyndale.

Wyclif lived about six hundred years ago. At that time only the priests and the very learned men who knew Greek and Latin could read the Bible. The people knew very little about it and were doing a great many wrong things. Wyclif thought if they could only have the Bible in English they would learn how to

## A LETTER ABOUT THE BIBLE 33

live right. So he set to work to translate the Bible into English. He was a very brave man to do it. The priests did not like it at all. Some of them were wicked, and they knew that if the people once had the Bible themselves, it would reveal their wickedness and rob the church of some of its power. Uncle Jack says that in those days the bishops had more power than the king.

They brought Wyclif up for a solemn trial in the old Saint Paul's Cathedral here in London. In those days they sometimes burned people for not believing and doing the way the priests thought they should. Some of those men would like to have seen Wyclif burned. But they did not dare touch him after all. You see Wyclif was such a strong, good man that the people loved him and stood by him, and that made the priests afraid to harm him. When they had him on trial a second time at Lambeth Palace, where the archbishop lives, the people threatened to mob the place if they did not set him free. We went to Lambeth Palace and saw the chapel where Wyclif was tried, and a prison room with big rings in the wall to which heretics were once chained. A "heretic" was one who did not believe just what the church taught. They called Wyclif a "heretic."

Wyclif too had to write his Bible all by hand. The copying was so expensive that one Bible would cost two hundred dollars. Think of it! But that did not stop the people from reading it.

Everyone wanted to read it. They would buy one part at a time, or perhaps they would rent a Bible by the hour. They had to do it in secret, for the priests had forbidden the reading of the Bible. But they could not stop the people, even though some were even burned at the stake for having Bibles.

William Tyndale lived over one hundred years after Wyclif. By that time the English people needed another Bible. Most of Wyclif's Bibles had been worn out or destroyed long ago. And, besides, Uncle Jack says, the English language had changed so that Wyclif's Bible was hard to read. I saw a copy of his Bible in the British Museum, and the words looked so queer. This is the way the Lord's Prayer was written:

"Oure fadir that art in hevenes, halured be thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille done in heven so in erthe; gif to us this day oure breed over other substance; and forgeve to us our dettis as we forgeve to our dettours, and leede us not in to temptacioun but delyvere us fro yuel."

Tyndale thought there ought to be a Bible cheap enough so that everyone could have one. A big thing had happened that helped Tyndale to make this kind of a Bible—printing had been invented.

At first Tyndale worked in London. But the priests were still against having an English Bible and Tyndale had to run away to Germany and do his work in secret. Once he had a nar-



row escape. He was found out and guards were sent to seize his material. He heard about it just in time to rush to the printer's office, snatch up his precious manuscript and escape to another place.

Pretty soon hundreds of little Bibles began to appear in England. The priests searched everywhere for them. They had the incoming ships watched and bought up all they could find. Some of the Bibles were sent tied up in flour sacks and bundles of cloth. All the Bibles that were seized were burned in big bonfires in the streets. But the joke of it was, mother, that the more Bibles the priests bought up and burned, the more they helped to print other Bibles, for the money went right back to Tyndale and his men and kept the work going.

They finally captured Tyndale, though. They put him to death in a prison over in Belgium. But Uncle Jack says that even though they killed him, they never, never could kill the wonderful work he had done by giving the Bible to the English people.

After awhile the priests gave up trying to stop the Bible-reading, and when other men wanted to make translations (a translation is a copy from one language into another) they were allowed to do it.

There are two other translations—or really three—that Uncle Jack says I ought to know about. The first is called the “Authorized Ver-

sion.” That was a translation that King James of England ordered made about three hundred years ago. Fifty-four of the greatest scholars worked on it for seven whole years. And think of it, mother, for all that time they received only about one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. They did their work as a service to God. And they did it so well that the King James Bible was the best one made till only a few years ago. That is what our old family Bible at home is, isn’t it, mother?

But by 1870 another translation was begun that was more up-to-date and more correct. This time about one hundred men worked on it, both Americans and Englishmen. It took them *fifteen years* to finish the work. We saw a big room in Westminster Abbey where part of it was done. The translation they made was called the “Revised Version.”

I asked Uncle Jack if that was the Bible I have with me, and he said “almost.” Then he told me that the American scholars had gone farther and had made still more corrections and changes that they thought were needed, and they called their work the “American Standard Version.” I looked on the cover of my Bible and there were those very words.

So this is the way I am going to remember what I have learned:

1. Wyclif’s Bible—first English Bible.
2. Tyndale Bible—first printed English Bible.

## A LETTER ABOUT THE BIBLE 37

3. Authorized Version—Our Family Bible at home.

4. Revised Version—last English Bible.

5. American Standard Version—My own Bible.

Of course you know that there are big Bible Societies here and in America that are sending millions of Bibles all over the world every year. We saw stacks of them in the Bible House here. The Bible is translated into seven hundred and twenty-five languages and dialects. I never knew there were so many languages!

And to think that I am going to the land of the Bible! It won't be my fault if I don't know much, much more about it before I come back. Uncle Jack says it is my big chance.

Good-by for now. Love to sister. We start across France to-morrow.

Your loving son,

RICHARD.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. What two men had most to do with translating the Bible into English?
2. Why do we need to have the Bible in our language?
3. In what languages was the Bible first written?
4. If you could have a Bible for just an hour, what story in it would you choose to read?

## 38 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

5. Who made the translation of the Bible that is now the best one in America?
6. What does a Bible colporteur do?
7. See whether you can find a copy of each of the three translations or "versions" described in the last part of Dick's letter.



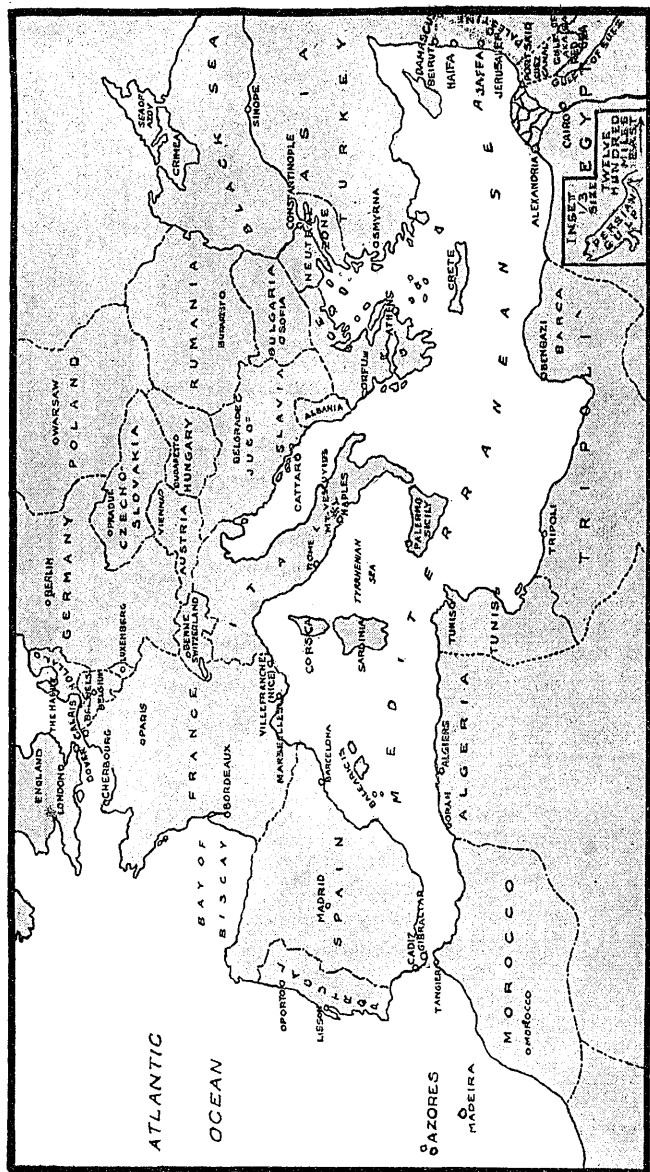
## CHAPTER V

### ALMOST TO THE HOLY LAND

ALMOST there! Almost to that wonderful country called the Holy Land! One night more on the boat and Dick would reach Palestine and his father.

At the close of a happy week in London he and Uncle Jack took a steamer from Dover across the English Channel to Calais, then an express train across France to Marseilles. Next came a change to a steamer, and Dick was at last on the blue Mediterranean headed for Palestine.

The steamer had stopped in the beautiful harbor of Naples. In the distance was Mount Vesuvius sending up smoke into the blue sky. Dick had been fascinated watching the bright Italian boys dive deep into the water for coins that the passengers threw over the steamer's side. He had bought a few post cards and a string of bright-colored beads for sister from some Italian venders who climbed on board. To-day they had stopped at Alexandria, in North Africa, and then at Port Said at the head of the Suez Canal, and now they were on the all-night journey up the coast to Jaffa, where Dick was to land.



# MODERN MAP OF MEDITERRANEAN AND SURROUNDING COUNTRIES

## 40 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

It was taking them almost as long to come from London to Palestine as to cross the Atlantic. But Dick had wasted no time on the trip.

"What's the use of taking a journey to Bible lands unless I know just where I am going and what places I am passing on the way?" he had remarked when Uncle Jack found him in his deck chair with his nose buried deep in his geography.

"Right you are," his uncle agreed, and they went to work together.

First they took a map of the whole world. "Find me North America, the United States, Europe, Africa, Asia, Asia Minor, the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, the Mediterranean Sea," Uncle Jack commanded. Dick found them quickly; it was easy so far.

Next they used a map of Europe showing part of Africa and Asia Minor. "Locate England, Spain, the Straits of Gibraltar, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Persia, Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, Algeria!" Dick found them all.

"Why, Uncle," he exclaimed, "I had no idea that Arabia was a great big desert like that, and Palestine such a little place at the end of the Mediterranean!"

"Now point out the cities of Marseilles, Naples, Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Damascus, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Port Said." That was a little more difficult, for most of this was new to Dick.



## ALMOST TO THE HOLY LAND 41

Then Uncle Jack had him find the Suez Canal, the Gulf of Suez, the Gulf of Akaba, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. They went over the places again and again, until Dick knew them by heart. His uncle had something interesting to tell about each one.

"See what that Suez canal does for Europe? Before it was cut through, travelers had to go all the way around Africa to get to India. And long before they even knew the way around Africa they had to make long and dangerous trips overland with caravans to get to Asia. In the same way ships from New York used to go around South America before the Panama Canal was cut."

Each day they had spent some time with the maps.

"Dick, I want you to remember one very important fact about Palestine," his uncle had said. "You were surprised to find that it was such a little country. But now notice. If the people of Egypt wanted to go up into Syria, Persia, or Asia Minor, how would they have to go?"

"Through Palestine. I see, I see, Uncle! You mean that Palestine made a bridge between Africa and Europe and Asia, and even if it is small, it is a very important country? I should think there would have been some fights on that bridge."

"There were, Dick, many, many battles. Don't you remember how the Old Testament speaks of

## 42 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

the Egyptians coming from the South, and the Assyrians from the North? Then there were the Philistines on the West, and the Midianites out of the desert? Again and again you will find statements such as First Samuel, chapter twenty-eight, and first verse: 'And it came to pass in those days, that the Philistines gathered their hosts together for warfare, to fight with Israel.' " So they had talked and studied day by day.

And now it was their last night on board. Tomorrow they would see Jaffa, and Dick's father. They sat long on deck and talked in the darkness. Uncle Jack was to go on to Armenia in the morning. So Dick treasured this opportunity for a last conversation.

"We haven't talked much about Palestine itself, Dick, except in a general way. What do you know about it?"

"Not very much, Uncle, except that most of the people in the Bible lived there and it was Jesus' home."

Then Uncle Jack began to talk, and Dick did not interrupt him, for he spoke with a strange earnestness.

"This is really the end of our journey, Dick, and here we are quietly steaming up the coast expecting that you will walk into Palestine tomorrow and make yourself at home as if it had always been the simplest thing in the world to do. But there was a long time when it was far from

## ALMOST TO THE HOLY LAND 43

easy to enter the country. For hundreds of years millions of people have longed to visit this sacred land, thousands have made long journeys under great difficulties to reach it, and many have died fighting to take it away from a people who were not Christians. It is a very tiny place to have such a mighty history. It is not even as wide as the state of New Hampshire, and is only as long as from New York to Albany. At first it may not seem specially beautiful to you. But wait until you see its beauty spots, and wait until you learn about the heroes that lived there long ago, the deeds they did, the battles they fought, how sometimes they had to hide in caves and fight with wild beasts; how God spoke to them and helped them to know him, and live as he wanted them to, so that some great day they could help the whole world to know and love God.

“And that day finally came. Christ was born among them. But his own people did not understand that he was the leader God had promised them. He was the most wonderful Person the world has ever known. He walked up and down this little land and dared to do and say things that made wicked men hate and fear him, but multitudes of others loved him. You will see the very hills where the people crowded around him while he talked to them. You will see the very lake where he had to sit in a boat because the crowd was too big for him to stand on the shore. Yes, you may find some of the

very same flowers on the hillside that he talked about.

"Of course, you know that his enemies finally took him prisoner and crucified him. But he died in the same brave and beautiful way that he lived because he knew God had sent him. And you know too how the people saw him again among them after he had been put to death and how they understood that it was God himself who had been speaking to them through their wonderful hero, Jesus.

"Those people who were Jesus' people and lived in Palestine were Hebrews. We call them Jews to-day. For twelve hundred years before Jesus lived, the Hebrews had called Palestine their home. They did not always rule it themselves. At one sad time they were completely conquered and carried away into captivity to Babylon, a country north of Palestine, and it was a long, unhappy period before they were allowed to return.

"At the time Jesus lived the country was under the Roman government, for the Roman empire was very powerful then. Since the death of Jesus, Palestine has been ruled first by one people and then another. It seems very strange, but most of that time the rulers have been of the Mohammedan religion, people who hate both Christians and Jews. Again and again armies of Christian people came from Europe to Palestine and suffered terrible hardships trying to cap-

## ALMOST TO THE HOLY LAND 45

ture the country. We call those brave people 'crusaders.' Except for one brief period they were not successful and for the last four hundred years the Turks, who are almost all Mohammedans, have had control over the land. Under their misrule the land and the people have grown poor and wretched.

"But at last, Dick, at last Christian people have Palestine in their possession again! Your father will tell you that thrilling story. Ask him about it. It is a wonderful land you are going to, little chum, a wonderful land! How I wish I could travel over the hills with you. Some people when they come here feel that the great Hero is walking with them in his old haunts and talking with them by the lake and hillside. Perhaps it will seem that way to you.

"Now tumble into bed, quick. You must be wide awake in the morning to meet that good father of yours who is waiting for you to-night in Jaffa."

Dick gave his uncle's hand one hard squeeze and slipped quietly and thoughtfully to bed.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Locate the places that Uncle Jack had Dick find during their trip. Notice particularly the location of Palestine.
2. Why was Palestine such an important country in history?

## 46 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

3. If you were going to Palestine, what would you want most to see?
4. Why is Palestine called the Land of the Bible?
5. Find out all you can about the crusaders.

## CHAPTER VI

### A REUNION AT JAFFA

WHEN Dick opened his eyes next morning he could hear the splash-splash of the water as the crew washed off the decks. He knew it was early, but there was to be no lying in bed for him this morning; this was the day he was to see his father. Carefully he dressed in his new tweed suit with his best blouse and necktie, and slipped out onto the deck.

Off to the east he could see the coast of Palestine as the steamer chug-chugged steadily along toward Jaffa.

"See, we have just passed Gaza," said a friendly steward, pointing out a spot that looked faintly like a town a distance back from shore. "They say that is the place where that strong man in the Bible named Samson pulled up the big stone gate to the town and carried it off on his shoulders."

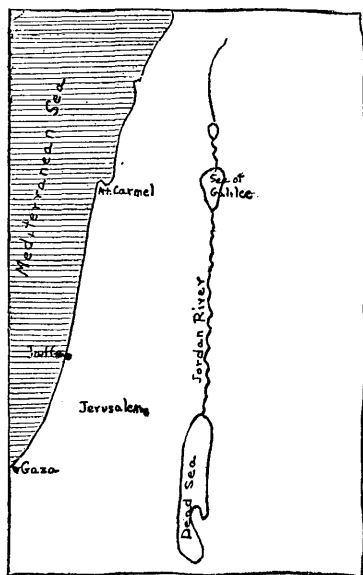
"But what is that blue ridge over there?" asked Dick, pointing farther north.

"Oh, those are the hills of Judæa," responded another voice. It was Uncle Jack, who had just come on deck. "Those hills are back many miles from the sea. That first yellow, sandy shore line you see is the beginning of a plain that extends

along the coast almost the length of Palestine. Beyond that are the low hills, called the 'Shephelah'; they are full of caves and gullies—great places for robber bands to hide. Then back of them is the ridge called the Judæan hills. They are barren and forbidding, yet beautiful too. But we can see the location of these plains and mountains more clearly on a map. Let's see just where we are."

Together they went over the main outlines of the famous strip of land they were approaching. By the time breakfast was over and baggage

ready, Dick felt he could draw from memory an outline map of Palestine with at least three towns, two seas, one river, and one mountain peak on it. He took a piece of paper and tried it. This was the result:



OUTLINE MAP OF PALESTINE  
BY DICK

"See how easy that is, Uncle Jack? That point with Mount Carmel on it is about half way down



the coast. Then the Sea of Galilee is just directly west of it a ways. The Jordan River runs down to the Dead Sea almost directly south. Jerusalem is about on a line with the north end of the Dead Sea. And Jaffa is northwest of Jerusalem.

"Jaffa! there it is!" Sure enough, they were at last reaching a city. The straight yellow shore line had risen to a height of over one hundred feet, and the houses of the town were banked against the hill one above another like some great fortress. "Tell me more about Jaffa," said Dick, excitedly. Quickly Uncle Jack gave him some facts. "It is one of the oldest cities in the world. It dates back hundreds of years before Christ. They say it was from this town that the prophet Jonah sailed to get away from God's command.<sup>1</sup> It was through Jaffa, or 'Joppa,' as the Greeks called it, that timber was brought for Solomon's great temple at Jerusalem, for it is the only seaport the Jews ever had on the Mediterranean.<sup>2</sup> Yet it is not much of a port at that, for the landing is quite dangerous, as you will see. Because it has been almost the only way to get into Palestine from the sea it has been besieged and burned over and over by the various armies that came to conquer the country. But now it is quite a prosperous place. It has a population of about fifty thousand. Until the great war began thousands of pilgrims made the journey to this

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<sup>1</sup> Jonah 1. 3.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Chronicles 2. 16.

the waves dashed angrily. Inside this reef the water was more quiet, but there was no dock for landing. The ship cast anchor some distance from the shore. Small boats pulled out to meet it, rocking up and down on the waves like shells.

"Father! there's my father!" cried Dick. Yes, there in one of the boats was the father coming out to meet his son. Dick caught up his hand bag and started for the gangway. Then he ran back again and said good-by to his uncle, and tried to thank him for bringing him on the trip.

You would have had great fun watching Dick and the others get off of the steamer. Each one had to scramble over the side, balance on the end of the ship's ladder until the boat below was brought into position by a wave, and then jump. Then followed the hard pull for the shore. It made it all the more exciting to learn that more lives had been lost by boats capsizing at this place than anywhere else along the coast.

Once on shore Dick felt he could really greet his father. They visited like old chums, and wandered about the strange-looking narrow streets of the town until train time. They threaded their way through a market place called a bazaar. Dick saw old men squatting cross-legged on little platforms beside their wares. Huge turbans of bright-colored cloth covered their heads. Some were smoking long pipes. Others were disputing and gesticulating about the price of their goods. The wares were spread

country each year to see the sacred places in Palestine. This helped to make Jaffa prosperous, for great numbers of them landed here just as you are doing and went from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Then, too, the town has rich fruit groves. Can you see those orchards toward the north? They



REEFS OUTSIDE OF JAFFA

are full of the juiciest oranges and other fruit. However, in the future the town of Haifa, just north of Mount Carmel, will be more important than Jaffa. The British are making a good harbor there. Now watch this landing."

Dick had been watching. As they neared the town he saw a great reef of rocks against which

## 52 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

out on booths or in baskets on the ground. Strips of cloth, strings of beads, bananas, oranges, camels'-hair coats—all were offered for sale here and there.

Farther on they paused to watch the excitement of an Oriental fair. The confusion and noise reminded Dick of a circus. There were the strange costumes too. It seemed at first as if no two people dressed alike. Most of them had long, loose garments of different colors, with girdles about the waist. Although it was a warm day, some of the dark-skinned Arabs of the desert wore also a brown-striped overcoat or "abba" of camel's hair. A Turk passed by in long full bloomers. Every one wore a turban or red fez or some substantial headdress as a protection against the smiting sun. Dick's own father wore a queer-looking cork helmet.

On they went picking their way between sheep and goats, and passing big camels rocking with the heavy loads on their backs.

Finally they came to a house near the seashore where they say Simon the Tanner once lived. Who was Simon the Tanner? Dick's father brought out his pocket Bible and found in the book of Acts 9. 43 to 10. 48 the story about the apostle Peter, beginning, "And it came to pass that he abode many days in Joppa with one Simon a Tanner." It told of the vision that Peter had while he was resting on the housetop, a vision in which God made him understand that

he wanted not only the Jews but all the world to know the wonderful story about Jesus. It was as if Jesus were saying over again, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

They read the story together and then went into the court in front of the little flat-roofed house and looked about. A man was going up a flight of stone steps on the outside of the house leading to the roof. Was he going up to rest as Peter did? No, Dick saw him reverently kneel in prayer on the housetop. He was one of the many pilgrims who came to worship in this place where Peter visited.

"Richard," said his father, seriously, "this queer old town, the starting point for your trip into the Holy Land, was in a way the starting point for the story of Jesus to go out of the Holy Land to the wide world. For Peter, after his vision, went direct to Cæsarea, a town that was largely Roman, and began preaching to the Gentiles. A Gentile is anyone who is not a Jew, so the Romans were called Gentiles. We are 'Gentiles' too, you know, and it was through those great Jewish missionaries like Peter and Paul that the Christian message spread from the Jews to all of Europe and through England. Yes, we Americans may look back to this little city of Jaffa as one of the starting points from which the story of Christ came to us."

They made their way to the railroad station. There was the train ready to start. They stepped

## 54 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

aboard and were soon on their way to Jerusalem, fifty-four miles away.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Draw an outline map of Palestine, putting in the places Dick marked on his map.
2. What are the two inland seas and what river runs between them?
3. Describe Dick's landing at Jaffa.
4. What of all the new sights Dick saw in Jaffa would you like most to have seen?
5. Who was Peter? Tell the story of his vision. What was God telling Peter? What did Peter do?
6. Does God still want everyone to know about Jesus? Who does he expect will tell the story?

## CHAPTER VII

### ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM

"LET'S see—fifty-four miles. That will take us almost two hours, won't it, father?" asked Dick, as they pulled out from Jaffa.

"All of that, son. It will be more like four hours before this jerky little train gets us to Jerusalem."

They were skirting the north of Jaffa. A vast garden of fruit trees stretched before them. Along the roadside tall hedges of prickly cactus stood guard over the tempting oranges.

"Not far from here," said Mr. Williams, "is a beautiful little Jewish settlement called Tell Aviva. The houses are new and attractive. The streets are well paved and clean—very different from old Jaffa—and there are good schools for the boys and girls. The people who live there are largely Jews who have come from other countries hoping to make happy homes for themselves here. Some of them endured terrible persecution before they came. They feel that Palestine is really their home country. They have no other, you know. All over this land there are industrious colonies of foreign Jews much like Tell Aviva. You should see some of their boys learning to farm with up-to-date American imple-

ments and machinery, instead of following the old, old methods of the country that were used back in Bible times."

They were now crossing a broad, rolling plain. Much of it looked brown and dry after the long, hot summer of Palestine. "This region along the coast has a sandy, but nevertheless rich soil, and right farming methods will make it produce wonderfully. Do you know what this country is called?"

"I know, I know," answered Dick, quickly. "Isn't it part of the coast plain? We were talking about it on the boat."

"Yes, this section is called the Plain of Sharon. South of us is the Plain of Philistia, where those people in the Bible called Philistines used to live, and where the big man Samson killed more than one fierce lion bare-handed. Two other plains north of Mount Carmel are called Acre and Tyre, and there is another famous one called Esdraelon, where many important battles have been fought."

Dick carefully wrote all of these names down in the proper places on his new handmade map.

"Ludd!" called the train guard. They had pulled into a station where little was to be seen but sand and railroad tracks. It was the junction where their train crossed the important new railroad which made connections from the city of Cairo in Egypt far up to Constantinople in Turkey.



## ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM 57

It was in Ludd, or "Lydda," as the Bible calls it, that Peter of old was stopping when friends came hurrying from Joppa to tell him that their beloved Dorcas was dead. Dick and his father read the story together as they were waiting for the train to go on.<sup>1</sup>

It took but a few minutes to go from Ludd to a station called Ramleh. Here the railroad crossed the main highway, and during their stop they watched camels and donkeys shuffle by loaded with fruits and vegetables for the Jerusalem markets.

"What is that man doing?" asked Dick, as a tall, dignified Turk stepped from the train, unrolled a little rug and kneeling on it, bowed his head to the ground.

"He is a Mohammedan," was the response, "and he is saying his prayers, as all good Mohammedans must do five times a day. They kneel facing their sacred city, Mecca. Their chief prayer is 'Allah is great, Allah is the one true God, and Mohammed is his prophet.' Had we been outside of the train, we might have heard the muezzins, or priests calling the people to prayer from the Mosques here in Ramleh."

Down an avenue of palms they could catch sight of a few of the dilapidated houses of Ramleh. Dick's father pointed out a Mohammedan mosque, or church, with slender, graceful towers called minarets. It was from those minarets, he

<sup>1</sup> Acts 9. 36-43.

explained, that the muezzins gave their summons at daybreak, at noon, at mid-afternoon, at sunset, and two hours after sunset.

"Father," said Dick, "please tell me more about Mohammedans. Why do they hate the Christians?"

"Mohammedans, or Moslems, as they are also called," said Mr. Williams, "believe in the religion founded by a man named Mohammed, who lived in Mecca, Arabia, in the sixth century. He claimed to be a prophet of God and next to him in importance. But he pictured God as a terrible Person who wishes his followers to persecute and kill those who do not believe in him. Consequently the Mohammedans organized armies and spread their religion with the sword. They were very successful. One of the countries they conquered was Palestine.

"At first they allowed Christians to visit the sacred places of the country unharmed. But later they persecuted and killed the pilgrims. That started the crusades, or Wars of the Cross. Uncle Jack must have told you about the brave knights from England and France and Germany who pledged themselves to fight for the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, the place where Jesus was buried. Kings and noblemen threw their wealth and their lives into the cause. Everyone who fought wore the sign of the cross and was called a crusader.

"They gained possession of the country for

awhile, but lost it again, and all their efforts after that failed. They had built many beautiful Christian churches. Most of these the Moham-medans turned into mosques. Finally the Moslems stopped their persecutions and agreed to allow the Christian pilgrims to visit the country in safety. The crusaders marched and fought all through this region."

They had left Ramleh and were making their way into the mountains. The broad fields disappeared. Barren, bleak hills surrounded them. High on the mountains herds of goats and sheep were nibbling, though Dick wondered what they could find to eat on the bare rocks.

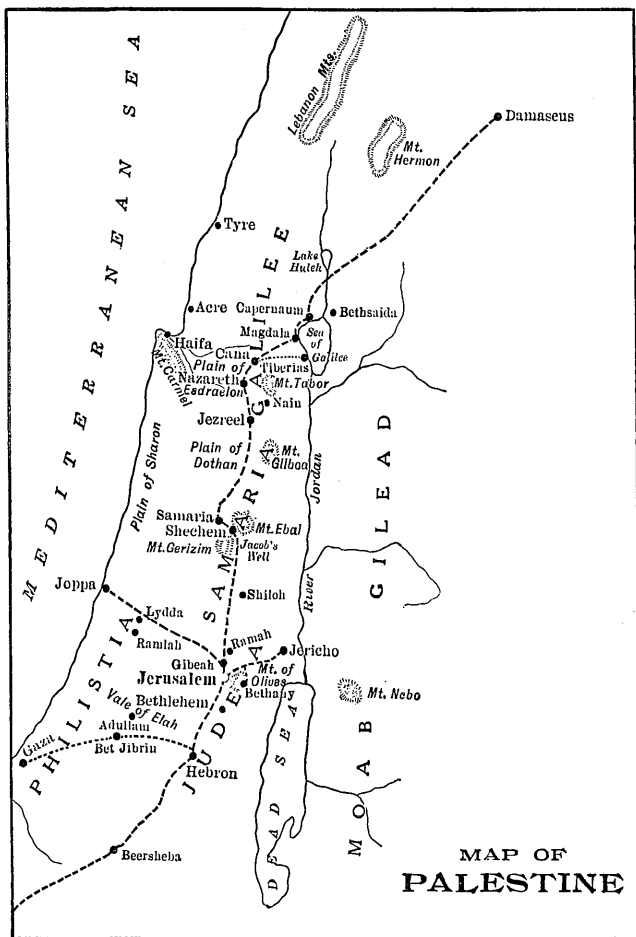
"The last army that marched this way, Dick, was under the greatest crusader of all, a modern English general named Allenby."

"Oh, tell me about him, father!" begged Dick.

"Well," began Mr. Williams, "it was during the great World War that he fought in Palestine. The Turks, you know, held the country. They felt fairly safe with miles of hot, sandy desert between them and the British army down in Egypt, and with these mountains protecting them. But they did not count on General Allenby. A little railway and a pipe line for water were built all the way from Egypt to the edge of Palestine. And one morning at dawn Allenby's men suddenly appeared from the desert and seized the town of Beersheba. They captured Gaza too. Then his soldiers trooped over these

## 60 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

mountains as if hardships were nothing. These deep valleys were too steep for the horses; they had to be sent back. It was the rainy season. Torrents poured down on the men till they



## ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM 61

waded in mud. In places the roads were too soft to place the guns. The mists made the airplanes useless. And what is more, the Turks put up a good fight. Yet the British pushed on.

"At last the Turks in Jerusalem saw they would be defeated. The city was almost cut off from help. They picked up their belongings and fled during the night. The next day the gates of the city were thrown open wide to the British with great rejoicing. Jerusalem had been taken without firing one shot within the walls.

"We call General Allenby the 'modern crusader,' for he is a strong, Christian man; he represents a powerful Christian nation, and by conquering Palestine from the Turks he brought this sacred country once more under Christian rule.

"Jerusalem has been captured many, many times in its history. Usually the victorious army has displayed its power by plundering and killing the people. But what did this great general do? He and his men marched into the sacred city quietly on foot, with heads uncovered. General Allenby did not even go first, but sent an orderly on ahead of him. The Mohammedans might well tremble for fear a warrior of another faith would take away their religious privileges. But one of Allenby's first steps was to proclaim that the rights of all those in the city would be observed and there would be fair dealing and justice for all.

## 62 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

"They say that General Allenby knows his Bible as thoroughly as he does the military geography of this region. It would seem as if his coming were ushering in the fulfillment of a beautiful prophecy in the Old Testament<sup>1</sup> that Palestine would once more be a prosperous and fertile country full of happy people, for the British are digging wells and piping water to make the land fertile. Trees are being planted on the bare hills. New and better roads are being built. The Red Cross is caring for the sick and orphans, and helping people to find employment. Truly, Allenby's conquest has brought promise of a glorious future for this land.—Hello, here we are!"

Dick started. He had not realized how the time had passed. The train had been puffing up steep grades and turning sudden curves in the mountains until now ahead he could see towers and minarets and high walls, the goal of millions of pilgrims throughout the centuries, the great capital of Christ's native land, Jerusalem.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. How did Dick and his father go from Jaffa to Jerusalem?
2. Would you like to visit Tell Aviva? Why?
3. Put on your outline map of Palestine the Plains of Sharon, Philistia, Acre, Tyre, and Esdraelon; also Mount Carmel.

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<sup>1</sup>Isaiah 35.

## ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM 63

4. What strong man once lived in the Plain of Philistia.
5. Put in the proper places on your map Ludd, Ramleh, and Jerusalem.
6. Tell the story of Peter and Dorcas.
7. What kind of a man was saying his prayers by the train? What did he believe?

## CHAPTER VIII

### A WALK ON A CITY WALL

AT daybreak the next morning Dick was roused by the sound of deep-toned bells. He jumped out of bed and rushed to the window half awake. Then the truth flashed on him again. He was really in the holy city, Jerusalem, and these early bells were summoning the people of some church to worship and prayer. The music of bells was to be his constant companion during his long stay in the city.

Dick's first day in Jerusalem was spent in exploring the city. He had never visited such a wonderful old place before. At night he tried with his father's help to describe in a letter what he had seen. This is what he wrote:

*"Dear Miss Merton:* Have you ever walked around a city on its wall? I never had until to-day. Father took me for the two and a half miles on the wall about Jerusalem. It was a great way to see the city. Shall I tell you about it?

*"We started by the Jaffa Gate. Can you find it on the map I am inclosing? The gate itself is closed now, but right beside it is a big opening in the wall that was made when the Emperor of Germany visited Palestine. This opening is used*



by more people than any of the gates of the city. There is always a hubbub there. The road from Jaffa leads to it from the northwest, and the road from Bethlehem and Hebron comes from the south, and the railway station is not far away. So peasants and pilgrims and merchants and priests and camels and donkeys and ramshackle carriages with tourists in them are coming to it in a constant procession. Outside are booths where food and other things are sold. A man called a money-changer sits there at a kind of table and changes all the foreign money of the travelers into the kind that can be used in Jerusalem. Do you know the story of how Jesus once drove the money-changers out of the temple?<sup>1</sup>

"The wall we went over is very old, but it is not the one that was here in the time of Jesus. That one is about all hidden under the ground now, though in places we could see the old, old stones. The present wall is thirty-eight and a half feet high, and the deep valleys all around the city except on the north make it seem much higher. It has thirty-four towers and eight gates. I counted them as I walked around.

"We began to walk southward. The first thing we saw was the Tower of David, a huge, strong-looking old place with a watchtower above where a spy could see the enemy coming a long way off.

"Farther on we could look over into that part

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<sup>1</sup>Mark 11. 15-17.

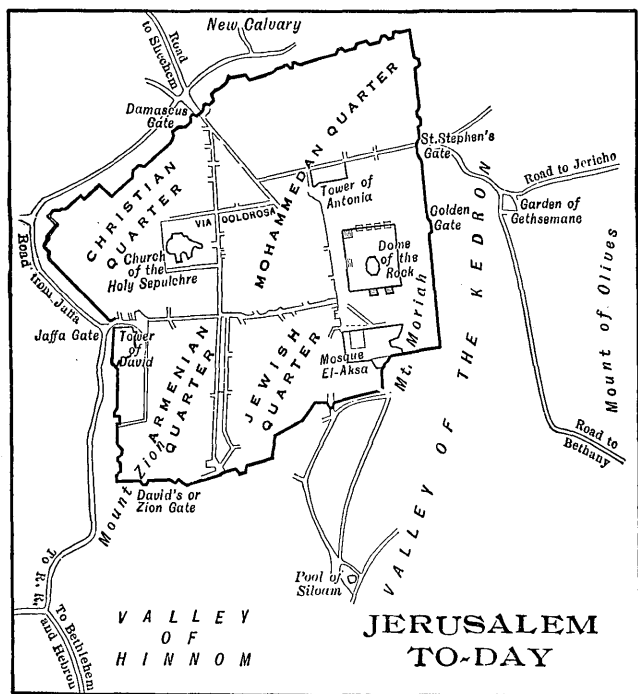
of the city where the Armenian Christians live. You see, Jerusalem is divided into four quarters, or four little cities, where people of different religions live. In the southeast is the Jewish quarter, the largest of all; in the northeast are the Mohammedans; in the northwest are the Christians of the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Churches; and in the southwest are the Armenians, who are Christians too, but have a separate church of their own. This is such a religious city that the people care more about what your religion is than what country you come from. I can see how Mohammedans and Jews and Christians might want to live apart from each other, but it seems queer that the Christians should be so divided up. However, father says that we cannot expect everyone to look at things in the same way, and if other people are dead in earnest about what they believe, we are bound to respect them even though we don't agree with them.

"As we turned the corner and walked eastward we were in the highest part of the city where the wall runs over the top of the hill called Mount Zion. Father says 'Zion' is a very sacred name to the Jews. In the Bible it is used sometimes to mean the whole of Jerusalem, and the people are called the 'sons and daughters of Zion.' And many of the new Jews who are coming to live in Palestine in towns like Tell Aviva call themselves 'Zionists.'

## A WALK ON A CITY WALL 67

"The wall dipped downward as we walked east and then rose again with another hill. At one place we could look south to the Pool of Siloam where, you remember, Jesus sent a blind man to wash and get back his sight.<sup>1</sup>

"We passed by the Jewish quarter and came to the second hill at the southeastern corner of the city. The hill is called Mount Moriah. You know, don't you, the story in the Bible about



<sup>1</sup>John 9. 1-7.

## 68 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

Abraham who lived ever so long ago? He was going to kill his own son Isaac as a sacrifice because he thought God asked him to, but God showed Abraham that he did not want that kind of an offering, and he provided a ram instead. Well, a great many people believe that this hill was the very place where all that happened long before there was any city here. So that is how the hill got its name Moriah, which means 'God will provide.'

"On the top of the hill there is a huge rock which they say Abraham used for his sacrifice. Then long after Abraham lived, and a thousand years before Jesus' time, King David chose this very place for his altar to God. And after he died his son King Solomon built a wonderful temple there. After that for hundreds and hundreds of years the Jews had their temple on this spot. You can see why it was always the most sacred place in the world to them. Wherever they are they turn toward it when they pray. Father says that even the Jewish temples back in America are arranged so that the congregations face east when they worship.

"But there is no Jewish temple on this hill now. Instead we saw a wonderful Mohammedan building called the Dome of the Rock, and not far from it was the most beautiful mosque I have yet seen. Father will take me to visit both places soon.

"As we went along the eastern wall walking

north we could look east across the valley to the Mount of Olives. Over and around that hill are roads leading to the little town called Bethany where Jesus went so often to stay with his friends, Mary and Martha and Lazarus.<sup>1</sup> Almost at the foot of this hill we could see the olive and cypress trees of a little walled-in place called the Garden of Gethsemane, the place where Jesus prayed on the night before he was crucified.

"In this east wall we passed over a closed gate called the Golden Gate. An old story said that some time a conqueror would come through that gate, so the Mohammedans walled it up to prevent the story from coming true. Don't you think it ought to have been opened for General Allenby? Farther on is Saint Stephen's Gate, probably the place where Stephen was stoned to death for preaching about Jesus. Do you know that story?<sup>2</sup>

"On the north wall we passed over the famous Damascus Gate that Jesus must have walked through many times. That is the way too that Paul went out of the city when he began his journey to Damascus, that journey when he heard God's voice and became a Christian. We could see quite plainly from the gate the large dome of a church called the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. This is the most holy place in the city to the Christians. For hundreds of years

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<sup>1</sup>John 11. 1-5.

<sup>2</sup>Acts 7. 54-60.

## 70 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

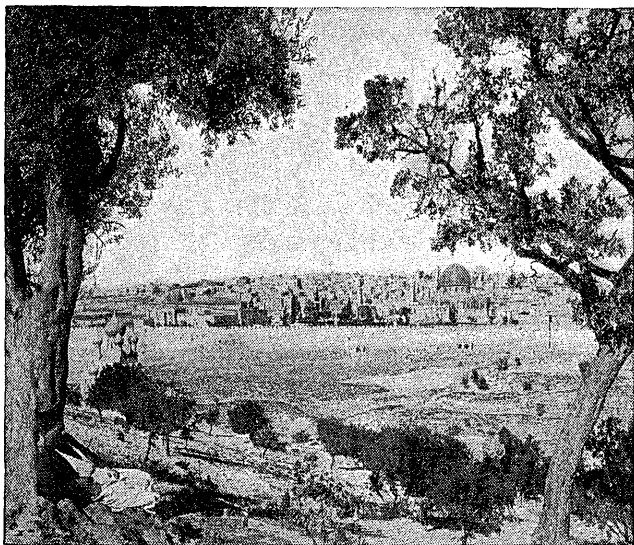
Christians have believed that this church covered the tomb where Jesus was laid after he was taken down from the cross. But father says that it is probably not the real place after all.

"Before we turned the corner to go south again we looked out over the newer city of Jerusalem that has grown up on the northwest outside of the walls. Old Jerusalem could not hold all the people. There are more living outside of the walls now than inside. There is a fine colony of Americans there whom father knows.

"I wish I could describe the old Jerusalem as I saw it from the wall. It is the queerest jumble of buildings. There are churches and synagogues and mosques everywhere. And besides the different kinds of churches we saw all sorts of religious buildings like monasteries and missions and orphanages and Christian hospitals and schools.

"There were no big tall buildings as in our cities. The houses and shops are only one or two stories high. Most of them have flat roofs and little bulging domes that make the upper rooms cool. Outside are steps leading to the upper courts, as they call the flat roofs, and it is here that the women have a chance to get out in the air; for, father says, the women of the best classes hardly ever go out on the street. It is not considered proper. Mohammedan women, if they do go out, have to wear long veils which cover them all but their eyes.

“When we had gone all around the wall we went down into the city by the Jaffa Gate. The streets are narrow and dark with uneven paving. The shops are built close up to the street. There are no sidewalks or curbstones. Sometimes we would pass under an archway that was part of



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

the second story of some private house. We rubbed elbows with fierce-looking Bedouins from the desert, with old Jewish fathers wearing long curls on each side of their faces, with Greek priests in flat-topped hats without brims, with Armenian monks in long robes and pointed hoods, with soldiers in British uniform, with bare-

footed peasant women with blue tatoo marks on their faces and coins around their heads, with the Turk in his red fez, and with tourists in clothes like our own. The people dressed in so many queer ways that I really believed if I should put on a Halloween costume and walk down the street no one would even look surprised.

"It was evening before we knew it, and we hurried out of the old city to our hotel in the more open streets of the newer Jerusalem on the north. Old Jerusalem is very dark and quiet at night. Few people go out in the streets. I don't wonder that Jesus liked best to get away from the city at evening and go out over the hill to see Mary and Martha. I wonder if he came to Jerusalem now what these queer people would do? Would they know him this time?"

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Tell the story of Dick's walk on the wall and what he saw.
2. Locate on the map the Jaffa Gate, Dome of the Rock, Mount of Olives, Golden Gate, Saint Stephen's Gate, Damascus Gate, Church of the Holy Sepulcher.
3. Into what four little cities is Jerusalem divided?
4. Why is Mount Moriah such an important place to the Jews?
5. What happened at the Pool of Siloam?
6. What is a synagogue? A mosque?



## CHAPTER IX

### WHERE ABRAHAM LIVED

“HE lived so many hundreds of years ago that it is difficult to think back so far. Can you imagine these hills covered with their vineyards two thousand years before Christ—almost four thousand years ago?”

It was Dick's father speaking. They were sitting under an olive tree on the edge of the ancient town of Hebron. Just at dawn that morning they had mounted two fine Arabian ponies in Jerusalem and had started on the twenty-mile journey south past Bethlehem to Hebron.

The hill country through which they had come looked bare and desolate, but Dick's father had made it alive with heroes as he told story after story of the great events that had happened here and there in the days when the children of Israel occupied the land and set up their altars to Jehovah the true God, and fought against the enemy on all sides.

They had gone out of their way a few miles to visit the great cave of Adullam where David once hid from Saul and his army. They had found a huge cavern big enough to hold a small

that, far away in a place called Ur of the Chaldees, near the head of the Persian Gulf, Abraham lived with his people. They dwelt in tents of dark goat skin much like those we saw on the way. Living this way made it easier for them to move their homes from place to place, for they had great flocks of sheep and goats and would pitch their tents where the flocks could find good pasturage.

“One day Abraham heard a voice saying in his heart, ‘Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto the land that I will show thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; . . . and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.’”

“How Abraham’s heart must have thrilled! He had been feeling dissatisfied for some time, and now he was sure that God had a great mission for him if he would trust him and do his bidding.

“And so he took his wife Sarai and his nephew Lot and all his servants and started out, not knowing just where God intended he should go. They had to journey slowly with such a large company. Wherever they pitched their tents for any length of time there Abraham set up an altar to worship and sacrifice to Jehovah.

“God was with Abraham as he and his family

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<sup>1</sup>See Genesis 12. 1-5.

army. It was high up in a cliff hundreds of feet above ground. "What a glorious place to hide!" Dick had thought, and he longed to spend the whole day exploring its depths. But they could not stay.



A BEDOUIN CHIEF

They had seen the low dark tents of Bedouin Arabs pinned against the hillside, and herds of goats nibbling on the rocky slopes.

At the end of the journey Dick had been only too glad to stretch out under the tree and rest while

his father took the horses to be cared for and attended to the business in town that had brought them on this trip.

And now they were together again. Before them lay the ancient city on the sloping sides of a narrow valley. Crowning the hills about it were rich vineyards and olive groves. There were the same flat-roofed stone houses with occasional bulging domes that they had found in Jerusalem. Dick's father was beginning to tell of the great men who came to live in this valley long, long ago.

"It was about two thousand years before Christ

gradually pushed their way down through 'Canaan,' as Palestine was then called. They stopped at a place called Shechem and also at Bethel.<sup>1</sup> Finally a famine came over the land and they had to go down into Egypt to find enough to eat. While Abraham was there he prospered greatly and he returned at last to Canaan very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. He journeyed back to the place of his old altar at Bethel.

"Abraham's nephew Lot, who was with him, had also become a wealthy man. After their return they found they had too many flocks and herds to live comfortably in the same place, for their herdsmen quarreled over the pasturage. So one day Abraham called Lot to him and said, 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, . . . for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if *thou wilt take* the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if *thou take* the right hand, then I will go to the left.'<sup>2</sup> In other words, Lot was to have first choice of a place to live and his uncle would take what was left. Only a man of noble and unselfish spirit could have spoken that way.

"Lot decided to go to the fertile plain of the Jordan near the old city of Sodom. Abraham

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<sup>1</sup>Genesis 12. 6-9.

<sup>2</sup>See Genesis 13. 1-14.

moved down here to Hebron, and his sheep and cattle roamed over these hills, and the story says his tent was pitched under the 'oaks of Mamre,' possibly on that hillside over there where there has stood for many long years an old oak twenty-three feet around.

"Abraham became known and respected all through the country as a man of noble character and much property. His family and those connected with his household so increased in number that there were hundreds living in tents on these hills. And long afterward his descendants finally conquered all of Palestine.

"So you see why we think of Abraham when we come to this town. He is called the great patriarch, or father, of the Hebrew people. He had another beautiful name, 'The friend of God,' and the Arabs still call Hebron 'El Khalil,' which means 'The Friend.'

"Do you see that mosque over there?" Dick's father indicated a square buttressed wall with minarets on two corners. It towered above all the other buildings of the town.

"That is the Mosque of Machpelah. They say it covers the very cave which Abraham bought as a family tomb, and that in it are buried Sarah and Abraham; also his son Isaac and his grandson Jacob. When the Mohammedans gained possession of it they turned the building into a mosque, for they too reverence Abraham. But Christians and Jews are not allowed to enter it.

We may go up only five of the steps leading to the entrance."

They went back into the town and walked through its narrow, ill-kept streets. The houses looked old and rough. Arches and awnings above the streets made them dark and close-smelling in places. The open shops on each side displayed fascinating glass beads and rings and fancy pottery made in Hebron. Dick bought a blue glass bracelet for his sister.

As they turned a corner they came suddenly upon a group of boys playing—could it be?—yes, it was—marbles! Dick stopped. How he wanted to try his hand! He was a good shot. But to his surprise the boys backed off with scowls and hisses. One of them even picked up a stone as if to throw it.

"Come, Dick," commanded his father.

Dick started on reluctantly. "Why did they act that way?" he asked.

"Because most of the people in Hebron are fierce Mohammedan Arabs of a fanatical type. It used to be dangerous for Christians to come here. However, they are much less hostile than they used to be and I have many friends among them."

They found their way to an ancient pool of water, a huge reservoir, forty-four yards square. "It was probably by this pool that David was first recognized as king," said Dick's father. "And it was here that he had two wicked men

hung who had murdered Saul's son, thinking David would give them a reward.<sup>1</sup> We should remember that long after Abraham lived King David had his home in Hebron for seven years."

Leaving the pool they stepped into a glass-blowing establishment and watched the workers making rings and bracelets of many colors. Next they stopped to see a potter turning a clay vase on his potter's wheel. Finally they went to the Mosque of Machpelah, and walked up the five steps allowed to Christians. Dick saw a devout Jewish father dropping a slip of paper into a hole in the wall near the last step.

"They say that hole reaches down into Abraham's tomb," explained Mr. Williams. "The old man has probably written a prayer on that paper he dropped in."

By this time their appetites made them seek the inn where they were to spend the night. After a hearty meal of boiled mutton, vegetables, and grapes they went to their room and slept as soundly as ever Abraham slept in his tent on the hillside.

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Tell what you know about Abraham. What kind of a man was he?
2. What promise did God make him?
3. Why was he loved and respected by everyone?

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<sup>1</sup>2 Samuel 4. 5-12.

## 80 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

4. Why do the Arabs give Hebron the name of "The Friend"?
5. Why were the Hebron boys angry at Dick?
6. What king first lived in Hebron?
7. What is the Mosque of Machpelah?



## CHAPTER X

### ON JOSEPH'S TRAIL

THE gray dawn was just appearing the next morning when Dick's father shook him awake. "Hurry and dress," he said. "How would you like to go on to Gaza to-day? I must see about business at Alexandria, Egypt, next week and had planned to catch a steamer down the coast, but a party of men is starting on horseback for Gaza early this morning. If we go with them, perhaps we can make connections with the new railroad that runs near Gaza into Egypt."

Dick hurried into his clothes and as the morning sun came peeping across the hill he and his father were in the saddle well on their way westward.

The party numbered ten. Besides Dick and his father there were six Englishmen, an Arab guide who furnished the supplies for the trip, and a Negro boy to care for the horses.

They rode through deep valleys and around great hills. One or two experiences trying to cross steep gullies and climb rocky hillsides on horseback gave Dick a deep sympathy for the British soldiers who, in the World War, had traveled that way.

## 82 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

After about four hours they came upon some marvelous rock caverns near a town called Bet Jibrin. The hills seemed to be honey-combed with mysterious caves.

"Long ago people probably lived in them," said Dick's father. "When the crusaders were here some of the caves were perhaps used as churches. Robber bands have found this a great region in which to hide and pounce down upon travelers."

From the rugged Judæan hills they rode down through the Shephelah, or foothills, and finally reached the coast plain of Philistia. Dick was becoming stiff and tired. He was glad when the signal came to dismount and rest. The horses were watered at a brook near by while the Arab guide spread an inviting meal of cold roast kid, bread, oranges, cheese, and olives. Dick ate ravenously and then rolled over for a good nap.

Soon they were on their way again. They passed a place called Tell-el-Hesey, where excavators had found eight cities buried one above the other dating as far back as seventeen hundred years before Christ. Another four hours of steady riding brought them nearly to their destination. Dick was not prepared for the beautiful sight that came to him in the sunset glow as he rounded a hill and Gaza came into view. All around were gently sloping hills, broad fields, olive groves, palm trees, and gardens. In the midst of graceful palms clustered the white-

walled homes of Gaza, and off in the west, flooded with the setting sun, lay the beautiful Mediterranean.

Dick slept soundly that night. The next morning, true to his promise, his father secured places for them on the train across the desert. They packed a lunch of fruit and sandwiches and set off for another day of adventure.

"Think of it, Dick," said Mr. Williams, as the train pulled out, "this little railroad follows part of the ancient caravan trail that goes from Egypt far up the Palestine coast to Damascus and beyond. What once took weeks to cover will take us but a few hours. See how blue the Mediterranean looks beyond the yellow sand dunes. Notice that mound following the line of the railroad track. It covers the huge pipe that brings water from the Nile across the desert. Here are trains and water pipes on the very route that Joseph probably took when the Midianites brought him on their camels down to Egypt!"

"Father, do tell me about Joseph again!" urged Dick as his eyes followed the sandy trail. He wanted to live over again the wonderful story as they passed through the scenes where it happened. From the train he could see a caravan of camels stalking slowly along. Was one of those Arab camel boys like Joseph, he wondered?

"You no doubt remember," his father began, "that the Joseph story starts back in Hebron. Joseph's father, Jacob, or 'Israel,' as he was

known later, was the grandson of Abraham. He and his twelve sons lived in Hebron. Jacob had a very tender love for his son Joseph. Perhaps Joseph as a boy showed promise of the strong leader he was to become. I can see him a clear-eyed, open-hearted lad, constantly showing his father those loving courtesies of a son which his rougher brothers were inclined to forget, and dreaming of the great deeds he would do when he became a man. Naturally, his brothers felt a difference between Joseph and themselves, and they became jealous of him.

"Joseph must have been about seventeen years old when his father sent him out in the beautiful new coat to find his brothers and their flocks. When they saw him coming, the sight of that last present was too much for their jealous hearts, so in a rage they bound him and dropped him in an empty cistern, out of their sight. Then when the Midianites came along on their camels it occurred to the brothers that they might be rid of him forever if they sold him into Egypt. So they yielded to the temptation and gave him over to be a slave, and then carried home to their father Joseph's coat stained with the blood of a goat they had slain.

"I imagine that the caravan of those Midianites was much bigger and richer-looking than that one we see passing out there now. They were probably returning from a long trip into northern Palestine and beyond. As he rocked along

high on the back of a camel, or plodded through the hot sands, Joseph looked out on just the scene that we have before us now, an endless expanse of sand, here and there a palm tree, and the Mediterranean Sea at his right—a lonesome trip for a poor, lonely boy suddenly torn from his homeland! At night he had the stars for company, and doubtless he traveled much at night. Perhaps as he looked up at them he asked Jehovah to watch over him and help him to be brave and strong.

“Anyway, we know that God was with him and he lived such a strong, good life that he won his way from being a mere slave to the governorship of all Egypt.

“After twenty years the dreadful famine that Joseph had foretold came upon all the land. Up in Canaan old Jacob said to his sons, ‘You must go down to Egypt and buy grain, or we will die.’

“So they started off, all except the youngest son Benjamin. And one day among the crowds coming to Egypt for food Joseph spied his own brothers! What an opportunity to take revenge! But what did he do instead? Long ago he had forgiven his brothers and now he was eager to help them. Quickly he called them to him. They did not recognize him. He spoke roughly, hiding the love in his heart. He accused them of being spies. He commanded them to go back and bring their youngest brother.

“All this way back to Palestine the brothers

## 86 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

traveled, and then once again over this same trail, bringing Benjamin with them.

"And again there was trouble for them. To test their love and their loyalty to their aged father and to little Benjamin, Joseph hid a silver cup in Benjamin's sack of grain and then claimed Benjamin as his slave as a penalty for stealing.

"How the dismayed brothers pleaded with Joseph! They pictured the grief of their father. One brother offered to become a slave in Benjamin's place.

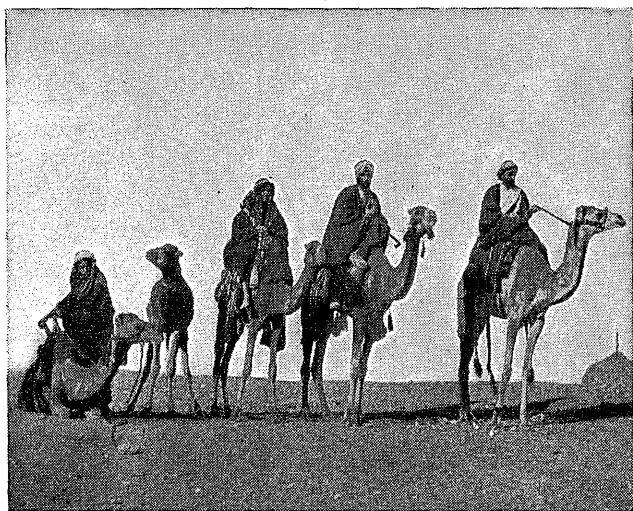
"Joseph could hide his secret no longer. He sent everyone else away and opened his arms to his brothers with all the tender love and forgiveness of a great and noble man.

"Then twice again the brothers traveled over this desert road; once to carry the good news to Jacob, and again to bring the aged father back to make his home in Egypt. Don't you think that as their caravan journeyed for the last time over these desert sands they, too, like the boy Joseph, prayed under the stars? But their prayers were songs of thanksgiving to Jehovah for such a wonderful brother."

While Mr. Williams was telling about Joseph their little train had sped on its way, passing occasionally a lonesome clump of palms, and leaving the camel train far behind.

"It must be slow coming across by camel," remarked Dick. They were just overtaking another small caravan.

"Not so slow as you might think, though, of course, much slower than by train," answered his father. "Those camels are wonderful animals. They make an average of six miles an hour and they can go fifteen hours on a stretch for days at a time. They take so much water at one drink



CAMELIERS IN THE DESERT

that they can go without more for a week if necessary. And think of the loads they can carry—five hundred pounds and sometimes more!"

Dick looked with increased respect at the big beasts of burden piled high with merchandise.

"Would you feel comfortable traveling with those big Arabs out alone in the desert?"

## 88 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

he asked. "Some of them are so tall and fierce-looking."

"Well, I would be careful if we ever joined a caravan to make a very definite contract with the chief of the company, and then I should keep a sharp lookout on my money and luggage. They are a strong, interesting people, but they have their own ideas of what is right and wrong and they do not hesitate to lie and steal under certain circumstances. If, however, we should eat with them as their guests, they would be our devoted protectors for three days at least. And there is no more loyal friend in the world than an Arab who has sworn to be your 'companion.' "

It had grown very warm in their compartment. They did not dare open the windows because of the sand. Dick saw his father begin to drowse. He himself pulled out an orange to quench his thirst as they crossed this waterless region. For a few moments he shut his eyes against the glare of the sand. Then he unscrewed his fountain pen and began a letter to sister Ruth. He wrote her that he was following Joseph's trail and to get mother to tell her the story of Joseph.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Locate on a map the towns of Hebron and Gaza.
2. Do you know of any wonderful caves in America?



3. What do "excavators" do? What had they found at Tell-el-Hesey?
4. What had Dick already learned about Gaza and the Plain of Philistia? (Chapters IV and V.)
5. What is a caravan trail?
6. Why should Dick want to hear again about Joseph just at this time?
7. Why did Joseph become such a great man in Egypt?

## CHAPTER XI

### WHERE THE ISRAELITES BECAME SLAVES

As the train moved on across the desert Dick looked out over the endless expanse of rippling sand, with here and there a palm tree, and remarked, "Those ripples look like the sand under the water along the lake shore at home."

But there was no water here. They were in a hot and thirsty land. In spite of closed doors and windows the sand sifted in on them until Dick could fairly taste it.

The first lap of their journey ended on the other side of the desert at the town of El Kantara, meaning "the bridge." It was literally the bridge between Asia and Africa. The town lay on both sides of the Suez Canal, and was connected by the first railroad bridge ever swung across that important strip of water. During the great war El Kantara was an exceedingly important military town and was full of soldiers. "The Turks tried to capture this place to get the Suez Canal away from the British," said Mr. Williams, "but they were badly defeated. If they had been successful, Allenby might never have reached Palestine."

Dick and his father had to change trains here

## ISRAELITES BECAME SLAVES 91

for Cairo. They had time to examine the huge engine in the new pumping station that started the water across the desert to Palestine. They bought a sweetmeat called "Turkish Delight"



By permission of "Asia," the Magazine of the Orient.

### DOWN INTO EGYPT

from an Arab vender, and some oranges from a woman with ugly blue tatoo marks on her face and a queer blue veil on her head fastened to a brass tube between her eyes. Dick noticed too

that her nails were dyed a deep orange color. A procession of dirty little children followed them about calling for "baksheesh," meaning a gift of money.

From El Kantara their train followed the Canal down to Ismailiya. Dick saw ocean-sized steamers moving toward the Red Sea. The banks on each side hid the water of the canal from view and the ships seemed to be driving their way through the sand.

At Ismailiya Mr. Williams called attention to a shallow lake with marshy shores banked with reeds. "That is Lake Timsah," he said, "where the children of Israel probably crossed over when the army of Pharaoh was pursuing them."

"How could they get across the lake?" asked Dick. "And why were they running away from Pharaoh? I thought he was good to Jacob and his family."

"One question at a time," laughed Mr. Williams. "It was four hundred years after Jacob's time when the Hebrews fled from Egypt. The Pharaoh, or king, then on the throne was very different from the one whom Jacob knew. And the families that had descended from Jacob's twelve sons, called the 'children of Israel,' had increased from a small tribe to a great colony of people. This Pharaoh—Ramses II was his name—feared they would become too powerful, so he made them work like slaves, building great store cities for grain. The Bible says 'They

built for Pharaoh treasure cities Pithom and Raamses.' Wait, we will soon be near one of them."

From Ismailiya their train had turned west. Soon it halted a moment at a station called Tell el-Kebir.

"This is the place," exclaimed Mr. Williams. "If we could only stop for awhile! Not far away are the ruins of an old city said to be on the site of old Pithom. Who knows but what the ancient grain bins they have found there were the very ones that the Israelites helped to build!"

They were now passing through a beautiful fertile country. "This is the southern edge of the rich old land of Goshen, the place where the Israelites lived while in Egypt," Dick's father went on. "They used these green fields then for pastures; now they are largely turned into farm land.

"But to go back to their troubles under Ramses II. Pharaoh, the king, finally ordered that every Hebrew baby boy that was born should be thrown into the river and drowned.<sup>1</sup> This was almost too much for the Hebrews to endure, but they had been treated like slaves for so long that they did not know how to unite and defend themselves. They needed a leader.

"One sad-hearted mother dared to try to save her baby boy. Here courage gave to the He-

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<sup>1</sup>Exodus 1. 22.

brews the great deliverer of their race, that mighty man of God, Moses. You know the beautiful story of how his mother placed him in a basket of bulrushes and set the basket afloat on the river where Pharaoh's daughter bathed; how the king's daughter spied the tiny ship passing by with its precious cargo; how she could not withstand the baby's appealing cry when she cuddled him in her arms; how she decided to keep him, and chose, without knowing it, Moses' own mother to be his nurse. So Moses was brought up in the palace of the king with all the fine training and education of a prince, just the training that a leader at that time needed.

"But as he grew up he did not forget that he was a Hebrew. One day he struck and killed an Egyptian who was mistreating an Israelite. Immediately Pharaoh sought his life and Moses had to flee from the country. For a number of years he lived across the desert in the rugged mountain country of Midian. Then one day God called him to go back and lead his people out of Egypt into a new land that he would show them.

"Moses hesitated. He felt very humble about obeying God's call, even though he had become the strong courageous leader that was needed. But finally he recrossed the desert, and going boldly before Pharaoh with his brother Aaron, he demanded that his people be allowed to go to the desert to sacrifice to Jehovah.

## ISRAELITES BECAME SLAVES 95

“Pharaoh refused to let them go. Then, one after another, terrible plagues came upon the land.<sup>1</sup> The water of the Nile became undrinkable, frogs covered the land, swarms of gnats appeared, everything was black with flies, disease came upon the people and the cattle, locusts ate up all the vegetation, darkness came down upon them. And finally, the Bible tells us, ‘The Lord smote the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the firstborn of the captive that was in the dungeon.’ Death visited the Egyptians but passed over the homes of the Israelites; not one of them was touched. To this day the Jews celebrate that event as the great Passover.<sup>2</sup>

“That was enough for Pharaoh. He told the children of Israel to begone. Under Moses’ leadership they wasted no time getting away.<sup>3</sup> But they had not gone far before Pharaoh changed his mind and started after them with his army. He was almost upon them when they reached a ‘Sea of Reeds,’ probably the northern end of the Lake Timsah that we saw at Ismailiya.

“The Israelites were terrified. How would they escape? They had no boats. But Moses called on them to have faith in God, and suddenly a great wind came and rolled the waters of the lake backward. The children of Israel

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<sup>1</sup>Exodus 7. 14-21; 8. 1-6, 16, 17, 20-24; 9. 1-6, 8-10, 22-26; 10. 12-16, 21-23; 12. 29-36.

<sup>2</sup>Exodus 12. 14, 41-43.

<sup>3</sup>Exodus 14. 8, 9, 31, 21-31.

gave a shout and started over just as the chariots of the Egyptians appeared in the distance. They crossed in safety. The enemy tried to follow, but the wind changed and blew the water back over them so that they were drowned.

"At last the Israelites were beyond the border of Egypt facing the 'promised land.' They felt safe in their great leader and deliverer, Moses. They moved forward with a great hymn of praise, 'I will sing unto Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously.'"<sup>1</sup>

The view from the car window became increasingly attractive—great stretches of rich land with here and there a canal. They were coming to the region of the great Nile River, a flourishing cotton and grain country. Dick felt almost

at home when they stopped at a cotton-manufacturing town with big buildings and high smokestacks. The station had all the modern signs of bustle and activity. Arab porters raced up and down the platform. Mr. Williams leaned from the car window and bought water



A WATER-CARRIER

<sup>1</sup>Exodus 15. 1.



## ISRAELITES BECAME SLAVES 97

from a turbaned water-seller with a bulging skin of water over his shoulder, while Dick became absorbed in watching the antics of a trained monkey, another expert worker for "baksheesh."

Just as the train was about to pull out, a tall Turk entered one of the compartments followed by four black-robed women with faces veiled below the eyes. "A Mohammedan taking his wives to Cairo," remarked Dick's father.

In striking contrast with this town were the miserable peasant villages along the way; little groups of mud huts, huddled together, dirty children playing about them, chickens and animals running in and out.

At last their long and interesting journey came to an end as they pulled into the big station at Cairo. Dick's father piloted them safely through the hubbub of excited porters, and in a few minutes they were brushing the sand from their clothes in the room of a modern hotel in this greatest city of Egypt.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Find out all the facts you can about the Suez Canal.
2. Give two reasons why El Kantara is an important town.
3. Who lived in the land of Goshen long ago?  
What kind of a country is it?
4. Briefly tell the story of Moses.

## 98 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

5. What Bible story is connected with Lake Timsah?
6. What might have happened if Moses had not obeyed God?

## CHAPTER XII

### STRANGE SIGHTS IN OLD EGYPT

"To the Muski first," ordered Mr. Williams the next morning as he and Dick started out to see Cairo. "That is the main street of the Arab quarter. It will make us forget the big hotels, the street cars, and the electric lights of the European part of the city."

They found their way on donkeys to a narrow, winding street lined with shops with open fronts. The din and the crowd were indescribable. A camel coming along loaded with sweet clover nearly blocked all passage and everyone backed up against the wall. The donkey boys ran beside their donkeys guiding them with shouts of "Shemâlak" (left), or "Yemînak" (right). A water-seller passed by them clanging his metal cups and crying out in Arabic, "Buy the gift of God!" Behind him came a lemonade-seller with a queer tank strapped to his back. Then the seller of flowers appeared holding up a tempting bouquet and crying his wares.

What did they see next out in the open, on the sidewalk, but a barber shop with a man having his head shaved. Not far along they came upon an Arab dentist extracting a tooth in full view of the passers-by.

## 100 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

At one place they found a group of men squatted on the ground absorbed in what another man was saying. "He is the storyteller," said Mr. Williams. "That is an ancient picture. From earliest times the Arab story-teller has had eager listeners. Do you suppose the hero of his tale is like Sinbad the Sailor in the 'Arabian Nights'?"

In the shops Dick saw the "three-handed" men making beautiful lattice work of ivory and wood, each using his left foot like a third hand. He saw metal workers and silversmiths plying their trade. At one shop he ordered a little silver ring and saw it made before his eyes. Then he had his first experience in Oriental bargaining. Mr. Williams offered just one third of the amount asked for the ring. The shop buyer fairly exploded. It would beggar his family to accept such a price! He came down to two thirds, but, by the Prophet, he would go no lower! However, the palaver ended by his accepting the price offered him on which he had no doubt made a good profit.

Next they visited a remarkable Mohammedan building called the Mosque of El Azhar. It is used by the great Mohammedan University. They were obliged to put on big felt slippers before entering the sacred place. Going through a long corridor, they were ushered into a large court. Around the court was an immense hall with one hundred and forty huge marble col-

unms. On the floor at the base of each column sat a group of Mohammedan boys with a teacher. They all seemed to be talking or reading at once. "How would you like to sit there all day long and do nothing but memorize the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans?" asked Mr. Williams. "No arithmetic, no geography, no manual training to break the monotony of it. There are thirteen thousand students in this university studying principally the Koran."

Dick thought of his day school and his Sunday school at home with their interesting programs of work, and shook his head. He felt better satisfied when his father took him to a Christian school not far away and showed him the Arab boys there learning to add and subtract, to make maps, to read English, and to work with their hands.



"And they are learning much more than that," was Mr. Williams' comment. "They cannot come here day after day without catching some of the fine Christian spirit of these missionaries. Don't you think goodness is contagious just like measles and chicken pox? It may take a long time to work, but it is liable to break out where anyone is as much exposed as these boys are. Let me show you another way that Christianity is getting a hold on these people."

They left the school and went over to visit the Nile Press, the big Christian publishing house that is daily printing thousands of pages in the Arabic language and spreading them broadcast

among the Mohammedans. "This is one of the biggest pieces of missionary work among these people," said Mr. Williams.

"Was Egypt always a Mohammedan country?" asked Dick.

"No, once there was a strong Christian Church here, called the Alexandrine church. They say that Saint Mark founded it. Its center was Alexandria. There is still a remnant of the church remaining. Its members are called Copts, which is really another word for Egyptian, and distinguishes these so-called Christians from the Arabs, who are mostly Mohammedans. But you would hardly recognize the Coptic Church as the Christian Church we know; it has so many queer twisted beliefs that Jesus did not teach."

Mr. Williams knew it would never do for them to miss seeing the famous museum of Cairo. So they took a carriage across the great iron bridge over the Nile and along a road by its banks until they reached the huge, rambling building that holds some of the oldest treasures in the world. They found a truly wonderful collection of mummies and old tablets and statues and curiosities that told the history of ancient Egypt. Dick chuckled over the picture writing called hieroglyphics, on the ancient stones. Here was the word "face" written ; there an eye was indicated by .

"Look here, Dick," his father called to him from one of the rooms. "Who do you suppose

that is?" He was pointing to a very ancient-looking mummy. Dick read the name plate on the glass case—"Ramses II." So here were the remains of the cruel king who had oppressed the children of Israel and pursued them from the country over three thousand years ago! Dick had a queer feeling as he looked at the big, brown roll before him.

But the crowning event of their brief stay in Cairo came the next morning when they drove out to see the pyramids. They crossed the Nile again and rode along a splendid avenue of acacia trees for a couple of miles when on their right through the trees loomed the great pyramids of stone on the edge of the desert.

"Why were they built?" asked Dick.

"They are the tombs of the ancient kings of Egypt. Originally this region was a vast cemetery with more than seventy pyramids. These are what remain. Cheops is the largest one. It is seven hundred and fifty feet on each side and five hundred and sixty-eight feet up the sloping sides. Some one has estimated that in this pyramid alone there were two million three hundred thousand separate blocks of stone, each containing forty cubic feet. It is one of the marvels of history that they could lift those huge blocks to such a height."

Mr. Williams engaged four wiry young Arabs, two for Dick and two for himself, to help them climb to the top of Cheops. The

He was duly hoisted into the saddle. As he rocked along on his queer steed he tried to imagine himself the boy Joseph, or one of the ancient kings.

The Sphinx, Dick learned, was another strange and famous monument. It is the huge figure of a recumbent lion with the head of a man. It is badly damaged, but it has a strength and majesty about it that made Dick wonder.

"They wanted their tombs to last forever, didn't they, father?" he said.

"Yes, Dick, and they filled them with gold and jewels and other things that they thought the spirits might some time come back and enjoy. But all these riches were stolen or destroyed long ago. Only these piles of stone, which they spent their lifetime in building, remain. They too, like the others, will some time crumble away."

They paid their guides and went back to their carriage. They must return and make ready for the afternoon train to Alexandria. As far as Dick could see them he looked back at the old pyramids and the Sphinx in the sand. A question was troubling him. "Can anybody make anything that will last forever?" he wondered.

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Locate Cairo on the map. What country is it in? What river is it on?
2. Find out all you can about the Nile River.



## 104 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

guides, nimble as cats, would leap ahead and pull them up over the stones. They reached the top badly out of breath and found a large flat space where they could rest and enjoy the extensive view. To the east lay the beautiful Nile and



AN ARAB VILLAGE AND A PYRAMID

the minarets and domes of Cairo; westward stretched the dreary waste of the Libyan desert as far as the eye could see.

They went down again carefully and slowly. At the foot of the pyramid a Bedouin with a camel urged Dick to mount and ride in state to the temple of the Sphinx, a short distance away.

## 106 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

3. Where would you rather study, at the Moslem school at El Azhar, or at the Christian mission school? Why?
4. What other Christian enterprise did Dick see in Cairo besides the mission school?
5. Who are the Copts?
6. Can you answer Dick's last question?





## CHAPTER XIII

### THREE HOURS OR FORTY YEARS

DICK sat in the hotel room in Alexandria waiting for his father. It was his last afternoon in Egypt. They planned to take a steamer back to Palestine in the morning.

Alexandria had not proved as exciting a place as Cairo, but Dick had seen much to interest him. He had discovered that the city had not one, but two great harbors. Two whole miles he had walked before he reached the end of a huge stone breakwater stretching out into one of these harbors.

He had spent hours watching the busy ships as they came steaming in from the Mediterranean Sea to deposit their cargoes. He had seen them reloaded with grain and cotton and beans and rice and sugar and started on their way again.

He had wandered over to a part of the city where stood a majestic pillar of red granite, eighty-eight feet high. "Pompey's Pillar" they called it after a famous general of long ago. Alexandria itself, Dick learned, was named after a celebrated general, Alexander the Great, who first built the town over two thousand years ago.

## 108 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

It had been a great city then, an important seaport as well as a center where learned men lived and taught.

While Dick sat waiting he picked up the little guidebook of Egypt that his father had been carrying. One paragraph caught his eye. It said that in Alexandria, two hundred years before the time of Christ, the Old Testament books were first translated from Hebrew into Greek. The translation was called the "Septuagint Version" of the Bible. "I have heard father speak about that," said Dick to himself. "He said that first hard word meant 'seventy' and came from a story that seventy men did the work. I must remember that."

Dick was jotting down the two difficult words, "Septuagint Version," in his notebook when his father entered the room with a stranger.

"Captain Sanders, of the British Air Service, Richard," his father introduced. Dick rose and they exchanged greetings. "By the way, Williams," said the Captain, turning to Dick's father, "how would you and your son like to take the trip to Palestine to-morrow by air-line? I must take a run up to Damascus, and will be glad to plan a stop at Jerusalem."

Dick's eyes opened wide. Never had he dreamed of such good fortune. He held his breath until his father agreed. What a glorious story it would make to tell the boys at home!

That night Dick began asking questions:

"How did the Israelites get to Palestine after they ran away from Pharaoh? How long did it take them?"

"Most of the great company went on foot, a little way at a time, and it took them over forty years," answered Mr. Williams.

"Forty years!" exclaimed Dick.

"Yes, not that they spent all of that time in traveling, but it took that long before they were ready to go in and take possession of the new country. They would go a short distance into the desert and then become discouraged by the dreadful heat, the lack of water and provisions, and the attack of the desert tribes. Sometimes they were almost ready to go back to Egypt. But Moses was patient with them and continued to lead them on."

Dick listened while his father told the whole strange story of the forty years of wandering, and traced on the map the route over which Moses probably had led his people.

The next morning, after being properly "togged out," as the Captain called it, in goggles and warm clothing, Dick climbed into the queer-looking chariot with his father and two other men. The engine started and the great plane slowly rose from the ground, sweeping forward and then up. The roar of the propellers was deafening. The earth seemed dropping away from them. Out to the left was the blue Mediterranean. Below lay Alexandria like a toy city.

Ahead of them eastward were the river and canals and fertile lowlands of the Nile delta.

"Wouldn't the children of Israel have been astonished if they could have seen this huge bird in the air!" thought Dick.

Soon they saw ahead a blue pathway stretching from north to south through yellow sand. It had toy ocean steamers on it, and Dick knew it was the Suez Canal. They were approaching the desert. Out on the Mediterranean floated a fleet of fishing boats with sails up. "They look for all the world like so many sand flies," mused Dick. He felt like reaching down and picking them up by the wings.

As he looked back at the Suez Canal Dick thought of Lake Timsah down there to the south where the Israelites had crossed over. He remembered how his father had drawn a line on the map from Lake Timsah to Elath at the head of the Gulf of Akaba to show the way the Israelites probably traveled. He had said that one of the great peaks in the ridge of mountains running northwest from that gulf was probably the great Mount Sinai,<sup>1</sup> though men used to think that a mountain much farther south was the sacred summit.

Dick had not known about Mount Sinai before last night, but now he knew. He thought he never would forget his father's story:

"One day, Dick, Moses went up into a high

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<sup>1</sup>Exodus 19. 22-25.



mountain to commune with Jehovah. He was there for forty days—over a month. While he was gone there came thunder and lightning and earthquake among the mountains. The people were afraid without their leader, and they set up a golden calf to worship.

“In the meantime God spoke to Moses on the mountain top. He gave him the Ten Commandments that have been handed down through all the centuries since as the greatest of all laws, and told him to build a tabernacle for worship.

“But when Moses at last came down from the mountain, inspired by all that God had revealed to him, what did he find but a heathen celebration around a golden idol! In his disappointment he threw down the tablets of stone on which the laws were written and they broke in pieces.<sup>1</sup> Moses was bitterly disappointed, and yet he prayed Jehovah to forgive the people and to punish him instead.”

The airplane was still flying over the desert. “See that train down there!” exclaimed Dick, though his voice was lost in the noise. “It looks like a caterpillar.”

And so it did. The little train that had seemed quite wonderful and important when they first crossed the desert now looked very insignificant compared with their swift machine.

“There is old Kadesh-Barnea,” Mr. Williams shouted in Dick’s ear as he pointed to some moun-

<sup>1</sup>Exodus 20, 1-22; 32, 1-4, 15-20.

## 112 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

tains rising in the distant southeast. Dick nodded to show that he remembered what his father had told him last night. Kadesh-Barnea, he had learned, was a fertile spot where the Israelites probably stayed for some time before they ventured into the promised land. It was from there that they sent twelve spies up to the region around Hebron to see if they could enter Palestine that way. The spies came back with a bunch of huge grapes, perhaps from the very vineyards at Hebron. They reported that the people were giants and were too strong for the Israelites. Only two young men out of the twelve, Caleb and Joshua, were brave enough to urge them to attack the place. The Israelites were so weak and fearful when they heard this report that God finally told them through Moses that not one of them over twenty years of age should ever see the promised land. "Surely ye shall not come into the land, concerning which I swear that I would make you dwell therein, save Caleb . . . and Joshua." These were the very words Dick and his father had read together. Only the two brave spies were considered worthy to go into Canaan.

Dick remembered that these words of Jehovah had come true. Many years passed. The children of the old Israelites grew to be men and women. Finally they pushed their way around the east side of the Dead Sea, planning to go into Palestine from the east instead of the south. And

there among the mountains of the Nebo range, in sight of the land toward which he had been leading his people all these years, the great Moses had died.

In his parting message he charged Joshua to be a strong leader in his place. "Be strong and of good courage, fear not, . . . for Jehovah thy God, he it is that doth go with thee." Then Moses had pronounced a blessing upon the people assembled before him, and going up into a high mountain disappeared forever from their sight.

After leaving the desert the airplane took a northeasterly course direct toward Jerusalem. They swept past Gaza far to the left of them. The Philistine plain, with its fields of grain and its vineyards laid out so evenly, looked like a patchwork quilt beneath them. The foothills seemed like mere mounds above the ground. Beyond them rose the Judæan hills. It was no time at all before they were flying over Bethlehem, and then a moment more and the throbbing engine was standing at rest outside the Jerusalem wall, with a group of curious Arab boys gathered about it.

"How long did it take us, father?" was Dick's first question as he dizzily climbed to the ground. Out came the watches. "Just two hours and thirty-five minutes, son. There is some difference between that and forty years, isn't there?"

And Dick agreed that there was.

## 114 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Find Alexandria on the map.
2. What is the "Septuagint Version" of the Bible?
3. Trace the probable route taken by the Israelites from Egypt to Palestine.
4. Tell the story of the Ten Commandments.  
Where were they probably given?
5. What happened at Kadesh-Barnea?
6. Memorize the charge of Moses to Joshua.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TWO STRANGE SWIMMING PLACES

"DICK," said his father one morning, "do you remember the parable of the good Samaritan in the Bible? How a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves? We are going down that way to-morrow to the Jordan and the Dead Sea."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Dick. "Then we can see that big gorge between the mountains. Is it safe to go alone?"

"It is still a risky journey," answered Mr. Williams. "It will be best for us to take an escort from the Arab tribe that lives in that region. There are guardhouses along the main road for the protection of travelers, but we shall strike off through the hills to the Dead Sea without going to Jericho first, and we shall need a guide as well as a guard."

So bright and early the next morning the Arab guide appeared at the hotel. He was a fierce-looking fellow in regular Arab costume, the long, loose striped coat over another loose garment drawn in at the waist. About his head was a colored cloth held in place by two ropelike coils. He wore a pistol in his girdle and carried a long gun and a cutlass. Mounted on sure-footed don-

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<sup>1</sup>Luke 10. 25-37.

## 116 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

keys, they rode through the stony streets of old Jerusalem out through Saint Stephen's Gate and down into the Kidron valley. They rounded the Mount of Olives, passed the little town of Bethany, and continued eastward. The road soon began to descend rapidly.

"How steep it is!" remarked Dick.

"Yes, that is why they say 'down to Jericho,' " said his father. "Jerusalem is twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level, and the Jordan valley is thirteen hundred feet below sea level, so that makes a descent of thirty-eight hundred feet in only twenty miles—nearly 200 feet to the mile."

"Wouldn't it be great to coast down it on my bicycle," suggested Dick. "But there would be trouble with the sharp turns and all these stones. Isn't it growing warm, though?"

The temperature was changing decidedly. The air had been crisp when they left Jerusalem, and now they were coming into summer weather. Dick knew that Palestine had a remarkable variety of climate. Just yesterday some one at the hotel had remarked about a snowfall in the mountains of Moab across the Jordan. Why not? It was almost December. Yet here it seemed like a June day. The country they were riding through was the most forlorn stretch of mountains Dick had ever seen. Everywhere were glaring limestone hills with hardly a tree or shrub for shade. So this was what the Bible called a

## STRANGE SWIMMING PLACES 117

wilderness, thought Dick. Then this was the kind of place where John the Baptist preached to the crowds that came out from Jerusalem to hear him. And Jesus spent forty days and nights among such barren lonely rocks fasting and praying and conquering temptation.



THE JORDAN

After three hours of riding, the great sweep of the Jordan plain came into view. Dick was surprised. He had expected to find the Jordan valley a narrow gorge with huge precipices on each side. The steep mountain walls were there all right, but the hot yellow plain between them was surprisingly wide. The path of the Jordan

through it was marked by the mass of green along its banks. In the distance to the south they could see the blue waters of the Dead Sea. Another hour and they were on the shores of this strange inland lake, only too glad to strip off and plunge into the inviting water. Then came the surprising discovery that one could not sink! They walked out up to their necks, and then lay on their backs, floating like corks. It was great fun. Dick was full of questions. His father explained that the Dead Sea had no outlet and was so full of salt and other chemicals that it would hold up the body.

"Do you remember how Abraham's nephew Lot<sup>1</sup> chose to live in the plain of the Jordan?" asked Dick's father. "He probably settled on the plain at the south end of this sea. The climate must have been much more favorable then. Possibly this was a fertile valley with a great many people living in it. But it is almost deserted now. It is one of the most desolate places on earth. Almost nothing can live along this salty and intensely hot shore. The storms that sweep through here are terrific; the roar of the thunder through this canyon is wonderful to hear. The Dead Sea stretches for forty-seven miles. Most of the time there is a heavy mist over the sea caused by the evaporation of millions of tons of water a day.

"Off in those grim mountains on the east are

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<sup>1</sup>Genesis 13.



## STRANGE SWIMMING PLACES 119

the ruins of a gloomy old fortress where they say John the Baptist was beheaded. Some of those cliffs rise three thousand feet high. On the other hand, the Dead Sea is almost thirteen hundred feet deep in places, nearly half a mile below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and about a mile below Jerusalem. You are looking at part of the deepest, most remarkable cleft anywhere in the earth's surface."

They left the shores of the sea and rode north. They found a place where they could press their way through the tangled shrubbery that lined the banks of the Jordan. The shore was too muddy to go near the edge. They found a nook close by where they unpacked their lunch and set to with a fine appetite while Mr. Williams told Dick about the Jordan River. He told how it started far up in the north at the foot of Mount Hermon and flowed through both Lake Huleh and Lake Galilee. By the time it reached the latter it was six hundred and twenty-eight feet below sea level. Then came a winding, twisting, rushing course down to the Dead Sea six hundred feet lower still.

"With such a drop as that you can see why it has such a swift current and carries so much mud along with it."

It would never do to bathe in the Dead Sea and not have a plunge in the Jordan too. So after a brief rest they swung themselves off of the limb of an overhanging tree into the brown

## 120 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

rushing water beneath. A short distance from them was the customary bathing place of the pilgrims who came by the hundreds every year to plunge in the sacred river and to carry away its precious water in cans and bottles. Dick tried to imagine John the Baptist in the stream baptizing new disciples. What a wonderful day that must have been when Jesus appeared on the bank and John cried out, "Behold, the Lamb of God!"<sup>1</sup>

From the banks of the Jordan they made their way northwest toward Jericho, where they were to spend the night before returning to Jerusalem.

"There are three Jerichos, Dick," explained his father as they rode up the plain in the direction of the hills. "The Jericho of to-day is not much of a town. The hot climate makes the people lazy and shiftless. A little to the east of it are the ruins of the Jericho of Christ's day. At that time this plain was probably irrigated fertile land, for Jericho was a beautiful city of palms, and was the residence of King Herod. That large mound farther on, about forty feet above the plain, is where ancient Jericho stood back in the time when the children of Israel were over on the other side of Jordan looking with longing eyes into the promised land. Mount Nebo, from which Moses viewed this land, is in that range about opposite our bathing place at the head of the Dead Sea.

"Moses, you remember, never crossed the Jor-

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<sup>1</sup>John 1. 28, 29.

## STRANGE SWIMMING PLACES 121

dan. It was left to Joshua to lead the Israelites into their new home. The very first city they conquered was Jericho. After that the Bible tells us, 'Joshua took the whole land, according to all that the Lord spake unto Moses.' There were twelve tribes among the Hebrews, descendants of the twelve sons of Israel. Each of these tribes chose a part of Palestine and settled there.

"So at last the wanderings of the Israelites were over and they had reached the promised land."

They just had time to examine the ruins of the two old cities before sitting down to their evening meal in the little hotel at modern Jericho. Then Dick slipped into bed, a very stiff and tired boy. As he dropped off to sleep he heard the cry of the jackals and the mournful howl of a hyena on the wild banks of the Jordan.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Recall the story of the good Samaritan.
2. What kind of a place is a wilderness? Why do you think John the Baptist chose to preach in such a place?
3. Look up and tell the story of Jesus' temptation.
4. Why is the Jordan River sacred? What happened when Jesus was baptized?
5. Who led the Israelites into the promised land? What city did they conquer first?
6. How did there happen to be twelve tribes of Israel?

## CHAPTER XV

### TENT DWELLERS

EARLY the next morning they started back to Jerusalem. Climbing up through the hills proved to be much slower and more difficult than coming down. But, as usual, Dick found much to interest him along the way.

He spied an Arab tent on an open place near a gorge. The long, black covering of goat's hair was stretched so low over the rude poles that standing under it must have been difficult.

"Father," asked Dick, "who are all these people who live in Palestine, the ones in tents, and the farmers and storekeepers and others? What are they called?"

"There are three classes of people," answered Mr. Williams; "those who live on the land and cultivate it are called 'fellaheen'; those who live in the towns and cities, carrying on industry and trade are known as 'belladeen'; the third class includes those who have no settled homes but roam from place to place, living in tents wherever they can find pasturage for their flocks and herds; they are the 'bedaween,' or 'Bedouins,' as we call them.

"That tent over there is the home of a Bed-

ouin family. Bedouins are Arabs. They are largely people of the desert and live in much the same way as did the old Israelites of Bible times. We find them all through Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt. Those Arabs who helped us climb the pyramids were Bedouins.

"They are divided into tribes or clans. Each tribe has its own name and organization. The head of the tribe is called a 'sheykh,' or chief. He is a most impressive personage when he is dressed in his best and sits astride his horse with his long lance on his shoulder. Come, let us pay our respects to this family."

Mr. Williams spoke a few words in Arabic to their guide. He at once led them off the road toward the strange little dwelling.

They were greeted by the head of the family, a fine-looking, dark-skinned man, tall and straight. He received them with marked courtesy. While Mr. Williams talked with him Dick looked about. He had seen several children scurry out of sight at their approach and now he caught a glimpse of bright, black eyes peering curiously at him around the corner of the tent.

Near by two women were seated at work. One was baking queer-looking cakes on a domelike piece of sheet iron resting on stones over a fire. She worked the dough out flat on the back of her hand and arm, and then flopped it over onto the oven.

afterward to Dick that it was risky to touch any of the native food, as the people did not understand the importance of keeping things clean.

As they rode away again Dick saw the children come out from their hiding place and gaze after them. "Why did they run away?" he asked.

"Probably because they have some of the old superstition that the foreigners, especially Christians, have an 'evil eye' which will harm them if it looks at them. You must remember that these Arabs are all Moslems and teach their children to hate and curse unbelievers—'infidels,' as they call us. But I have several good friends in this tribe, and we have our Arab guide with us too, so we are spared any unpleasantness.

"The Bedouins are really a very kind, hospitable people, in spite of the shifty, thieving characteristics they have inherited through many generations. They are wild and troublesome sometimes, but they are mild compared to the pillaging, murderous tribes that troubled the Israelites in the old days. Do you recall the story of Gideon and the Midianites?"

"Do tell me about him, father," answered Dick, always eager for another story.

"Well, it was back in the years that followed the first conquest of Canaan by the Israelites. You remember that they settled over the land by tribes and not as a united nation. They had no leader like Moses or Joshua over them all. Con-

## 124 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

The other woman was keeping in motion a goatskin bag hung from three poles planted in the ground like a tripod. Dick guessed from what he had read that she was churning butter. The women were far from good looking. They had on their faces the hideous blue tatoo marks



A BEDOUIN MEAL

that Dick had seen before. Their dresses were made of flimsy dark blue stuff and were none too clean.

A man approached bearing something in a wooden bowl. It proved to be "chinini," or buttermilk. Dick tasted it and found it delicious. His father also sampled it, though he confessed

## 126 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

sequently, as time went on, their enemies found it comparatively easy to plunder their fields and take what they wanted.

“One day a Hebrew farmer was threshing his grain in a secluded glen far away from the open highway, in the beautiful hills near the Sea of Galilee. The people of his tribe had been driven to hide in caves and gullies for fear of the wild tribes called Midianites who came over the Jordan River from the east and swept into the Hebrew country, making off with anything they could lay their hands on, especially the grain and the cattle.<sup>1</sup>

“Gideon, as he worked, was brooding over the dreadful state of affairs. He was a fine, strong fellow, and must have been very impatient of the weakness of his people. Suddenly a man appeared before him and said, ‘The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor.’

“‘But,’ said Gideon, ‘if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? Where are all his wondrous works which our fathers told us of? In the olden days God spoke to Abraham, he delivered Joseph, and he broke the power of the king of Egypt, leading our people safe across the sea and into this country. But now we have no Moses to sweep his rod over the sea and to scourge the enemies of God’s people. Would that we had some such mighty leader!’

“At this the stranger turned to Gideon and

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<sup>1</sup>Judges 6, 2-6.



spoke with a voice of command, 'Go in this thy night, and save Israel from the hand of Midian! have not I sent thee?' He seemed to be speaking direct from the Lord!<sup>1</sup> When he heard this Gideon was frightened. He was no leader, only a humble farmer of an unimportant tribe. 'Oh, Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is the poorest in Manasseh. I am the least in my father's house,' he said.

"Nevertheless, the man, who was indeed a messenger of the Lord, told Gideon not to fear, but to start at once to rally the people. Then Gideon left his threshing and gathered a great company to drive off the enemy.<sup>2</sup> So many came crowding into his army that he could not manage them all, especially with their lack of training. He sent home all who were at all afraid to follow him. Then he put the others to a test. He ordered them to drink water from a stream. Those who took time to put aside their weapons and get down on their knees by the water's edge, he sent away; and those who reached for the water quickly, lapping it up from their hands, he kept with him.<sup>3</sup> Of the thousands who came only three hundred were left. And these were to go against thousands of Midianites!

"But Gideon had faith in God's help. One night with his three hundred picked men, armed

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<sup>1</sup>Judges 6. 11-16.

<sup>2</sup>Judges 6. 34-35.

<sup>3</sup>Judges 7. 1-7.

## 128 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

with the strangest weapons any warrior ever wielded—torches, jars, and trumpets—he attacked the enemy. They crept up to the camp of the Midianites and at a given signal they gave a big shout, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" They blew their trumpets on every side of the camp and they smashed the jars that held their flashing torches.

"The hideous noise and the flaming lights terrified the Midianites. They were taken by surprise. They thought a huge army had come upon them. They fled in confusion. The Hebrews pursued them until they were far out of the country.<sup>1</sup>

"Gideon followed up this success with other victories and became for a time the strong leader his country needed. But for many, many years the Israelites lived in the midst of danger. Time and again other leaders, both men and women, would rise up like Gideon and lead the people into battle against their enemies, and counsel them in their difficulties. These leaders were called 'Judges.' The book of Judges in the Bible tells about them."

Dick was glad when at last they reached the cooler air of the hill country. He was glad too when he finally slipped out of the saddle in front of his hotel at Jerusalem. He was content to spend a quiet afternoon writing a description of his trip, and looking up the story of Gideon.

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<sup>1</sup>Judges 7. 16-23.

## THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. What three classes of people live in Palestine?
2. Find out all you can about the Bedouins.
3. Tell the story of Gideon.
4. Why did the Israelites need "Judges"?
5. Make a list of the books of the Old Testament you have been reading from so far.
6. Read the story in Judges 7. 1-7.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A HIKE TO THE HOME OF SAUL

DICK was thoroughly enjoying every day of his winter in Jerusalem. Winter! As December came on he thought of the early snow flurries at home. The only marked change here came in long days of rain, for winter is Palestine's rainy season, when the parched ground drinks in the moisture that has been baked out of it during the hot summer months. But there were many beautiful clear days too for long walks and rides.

"How about an eight-mile hike this afternoon, son?" was his father's suggestion one day. Dick never refused any such invitation, so they started off through the Damascus Gate, turned to the right along the north wall, and then to the left again as the road swung around to the north. They stepped aside to let a group of donkeys with their Arab riders pass by.

"Salâm 'alaykum" ("Peace be on you"), said the men.

"'Alaykum es-salâm" ("May the peace be on you"), replied Dick's father.

"Do you know them?" asked Dick.

"No, but in Palestine there is the custom of

giving a courteous greeting to all whom we pass on the highway. Of course there are a few Moslems who think it is wrong to show such courtesy to a Christian, but most of those in this region are friendly."

The highway they were following was the old caravan road from Jerusalem to Shechem. It was now a broad, white, military road. It wound about through valleys and over stony but beautiful hills. Old olive trees dotted the slopes, and here and there were sheep or goats nibbling contentedly.

"Do you see the notched staff that shepherd boy is carrying?"

Dick turned and saw near by a handsome, dark-skinned lad not much older than himself. He was dressed in the loose striped coat of goat's hair that had now become quite familiar.

"He uses that staff to count his sheep. Most of these shepherd lads never learn to read or count. When they take their sheep into the sheep fold at night they touch a notch as each one passes through. If every notch is touched they know that every sheep is safe inside."

They went further.

"See that funny team!" exclaimed Dick.

They had come upon a peasant driving a camel and a donkey hitched to a plow.

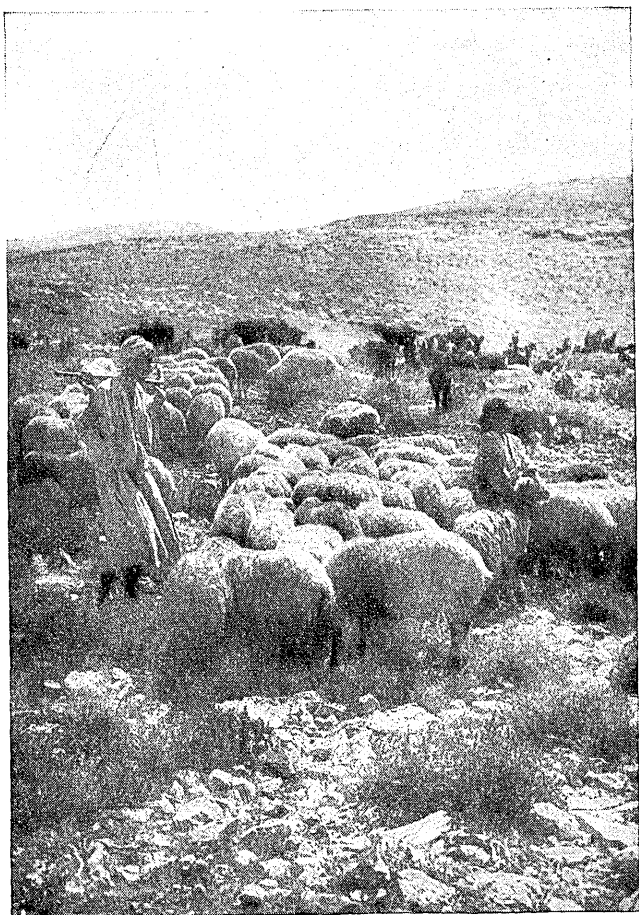
"If you think that is queer, Dick, what would you think of seeing a donkey and a woman harnessed together? It is not unusual. In Pales-

tine the women are not shown the courtesy or respect that is given them at home. The peasant women work hard from morning to night in the fields as well as in their homes. Look at these two."

They passed a young woman walking like a queen as she poised on her head a huge basket filled with vegetables. Copper bracelets set off her firm brown arms and a circlet of coins bound her forehead. Behind her came another woman who looked worn and tired. She too had a burden on her head. A baby peeped over her shoulder from a kind of sling on her back; her arms were occupied with two heavily loaded baskets.

"Yet these women can go in and out freely," continued Dick's father, "while the women of the better classes are rarely seen on the street and have few privileges or pleasures. Do you recall what a gracious and beautiful attitude Christ held toward the women of his time? He chose some of his closest friends among them, such as Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus. And in the midst of terrible pain on the cross his thought was of his mother, that she should be tenderly cared for."

They had gone about four miles when they turned from the main highway and started to the right up a steep hill. At the top they found a commanding view of the surrounding country. They sat down in a bit of shade by an old wall to rest and talk.



A SHEPHERD GUARDING HIS FLOCK

## 134 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

"This is the place I wanted you to see, Dick," said his father, as he pulled some rolls and figs from his pocket and passed them over. "On this hilltop was the first capital of the Hebrew kingdom. The first king of Israel lived and reigned on this very spot. It was then called Gibeah."

"Let's see," said Dick, "the first king was Saul, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Saul of the tribe of Benjamin. In those days the twelve tribes of Israel greatly needed some one to rule over them all. So far each tribe had lived by itself with its own chief or patriarch as its ruler. They did not realize how much stronger they would be if they all worked together. They were like a group of little states without any central government such as our United States have under the President. Their enemies began to get the better of them. The Philistine army swept up from the western plain and even destroyed the chief place of worship at Shiloh. Something had to be done. The prophet Samuel was then living at the town of Ramah."

"Was he the one whom God called when he was a little boy in the temple?" put in Dick.

"Yes, the very same. And that temple was the one at Shiloh that the Philistines destroyed. Samuel was sure that God wanted Israel to be united under a king. One day a strapping young fellow, head and shoulders taller than most people, came from Gibeah—the town on this hill—into Ramah, hunting for his father's donkeys that



had wandered away. God spoke to Samuel and said, 'Behold the man!' Thereupon Samuel took young Saul to his home and told him God had called him to be the ruler of his people.

" 'What!' said Saul, 'am not I a Benjamite of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? Wherefore then speakest thou to me after this manner?' He was astonished. But Samuel convinced him and finally anointed him as the future king of all Israel. Saul returned home and went on with his work until the right time should come. Then one day the Ammonites, their enemies across the Jordan, came against the Israelites at Jabesh-Gilead, sending a most insulting message to them.

"Saul was plowing in the field when he heard of it. Instantly he knew his hour for action had come. He stopped his plow, killed and quartered his oxen, and sent the pieces throughout the land, commanding the people to assemble for war. The Bible says 'they came out as one man.' Saul led them forth and gained a crushing victory over the Ammonites. Then all the people assembled at Gilgal, the new place of worship since Shiloh was abandoned, and they made Saul the first king over all the twelve tribes.

"Saul reigned here at Gibeah. He won many brilliant victories in battle and made a strong king for a time. But he was headstrong and jealous, and after awhile Samuel saw that some one else must soon take Saul's place.

## 136 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

"David too lived on this hilltop for awhile in the court of Saul. It was after he showed such remarkable courage in killing Goliath that Saul became attached to David and brought him back here to live. He married Saul's daughter and became fast friends with Saul's son Jonathan. He must have spent many happy years here. But he became such a great warrior and was so loved and admired by the people that Saul became insanely jealous of him. Perhaps Saul foresaw that the people would want David to be their next king instead of his own son Jonathan. I wonder if he knew that long before this, while David was still only a shepherd boy on the hills, the prophet Samuel had gone down to Bethlehem and anointed him as the next king of Israel?

"At any rate, Saul sought to kill David, and David had to flee from Gibeah. And who do you suppose helped him to get away? His faithful friend Jonathan, who probably knew that by saving David's life he was losing all chance of ever becoming king himself. Saul failed to capture David. Finally in a terrible battle with the Philistines the Israelites were defeated and Jonathan killed. Saul in his grief and disappointment fell on his own sword.

"After his death this place was never again used as the capital of the kingdom. It lost its importance and, as you see, nothing is left."

They came home in the fading twilight, father and son. They could hear the tinkle of the

camel bells along the road and the shepherd's call far away on the hillside. As they neared the Holy City the bells of monastery and chapel called to them, and the deep-toned chimes of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher rang out and died away again as if in the distance.

From an ancient capital with nothing left they were approaching another ancient capital full of sacred memories and yet throbbing with life and activity.

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe winter in Palestine.
2. What did Dick see on his hike to Gibeah?
3. Who was Samuel? Why did he think the Israelites needed a king?
4. Tell the story of Saul.
5. Who else lived for a while at Gibeah?

## CHAPTER XVII

### WHERE RUTH GLEANED IN THE FIELDS

*Dear Mother:*

Father and I had such a good trip yesterday. I thought of you and sister so much during the day. I suppose it was because father told me about Ruth and Rachel. We went to Bethlehem, and we walked all the six miles.

We planned the night before to start early in the morning. I was so afraid it would rain and keep us at the hotel. This is the rainy season, and we never know what to expect. Everyone here seems happy over wet weather; it fills up the cisterns and makes the fields ready for the spring crops. Before the British brought water through a pipe up to Jerusalem from beyond Bethlehem all the people in the city had to save the rain water very carefully if they wanted to have enough to last over the next summer.

But it was a fine day after all. It was very early when we passed the Jaffa Gate, yet the people were there with their things to sell. As we went along the road we passed men and women who had already walked the six miles from Bethlehem. They work all day in Jerusa-

lem and then walk back again at night. We hadn't gone far before a camel train stalked by us. Father said they had probably come up from Hebron and walked most of the night.

Out in the fields and orchards the peasants were already at work. Farming is not easy around Jerusalem. Down on the coast plains it is different, for there is plenty of good soil there. But here it is very stony and the water is scarce. I suppose that is why there is so much grazing south of Jerusalem instead of farming. We met shepherds driving their flocks out to pasture. One was a boy about fifteen perhaps. He looked strong and husky. Father says his goatshair coat and cloth headdress were probably the same kind that David wore when he tended his father's sheep near Bethlehem. All he needed was a sling with some stones and a harp to play on out in the fields to be just like David.

A few years ago we would have passed more orchards on the way, but during the war even some of the finest olive trees were cut down for fuel. The people felt very bad about it. But under the new government whole orchards of baby trees are being planted. They say that trees will help the country to be more fertile, for they keep the water in the ground.

After we crossed the valley south of Jerusalem our road began to go uphill gradually. At our left was a hill called the "Hill of Evil Council," where they say the high priest and others

## 140 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

met to plot the death of Jesus. No wonder they didn't dare meet inside the city!

Then off to the west was a plain where King David once won a big fight with the Philistines. It is called the Plain of Rephaim. We kept on going up until we reached a place where we could see both Jerusalem north of us and Bethlehem on a hill to the south. We had gone but only a little over half way, but we were hungry, so we sat down for a bite to eat out of our lunch kit. Do you want to know what it was? An orange apiece, some figs, bread and cheese, cucumbers, and hard-boiled eggs. It tasted almost as good as our camp-fire suppers down by the river at home.

Then father told me to look off to the east where there are big open fields. He called them the "Fields of Boaz," and then he told me about Ruth and Boaz and Naomi. Do you remember the story?

It happened long before there were any kings like Saul and David. Naomi lived in Bethlehem. But one time when there was a famine she and her husband moved to Moab over across the Jordan and the Dead Sea. In those days I suppose going that far away was almost like going to Europe from America. They lived there a long time. Then Naomi's husband and both of her sons died and she had nobody left who belonged to her except the young women her sons had married. She longed to go back

to her old home in Bethlehem. At last she decided to make the journey. Ruth and Orpah, her two daughters-in-law, started out with her, but she told them to go back. She said they would be happier with their own people, where they would be well taken care of. So Orpah went



GLEANERS IN THE FIELDS OF BOAZ

back again but Ruth absolutely refused to leave Naomi. She knew she would have to leave her own rich country and meet hard times in a strange place, but she said to Naomi (I have just read it in my Bible):

“Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest,

## 142 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: Jehovah do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

So they came over to Bethlehem and lived on a little piece of land that Naomi owned, and Ruth started to work in the fields. What she did was to glean after the reapers during the barley harvest. Father says "gleaning" is gathering up what is left after the men have cut down the grain and bound it into sheaves. The poor people, especially widows, are allowed to do that. The Jews had a law that the reapers must leave the grain in the corners and not reap too carefully so there would be more left for the gleaners.

Ruth went to glean in the fields of a man named Boaz, the very fields we were looking at. Boaz was a rich relative of Naomi, but he did not know who Ruth was. She must have been very beautiful, for she had not been working long before Boaz noticed her and told the reapers to drop some of the grain purposely for her. Then he invited her to eat with the reapers at their meals, and asked her to come always to his fields.

Finally at the end of the harvest Naomi told Ruth to let Boaz know who she was. When Boaz found out he was interested right away. Because he was a relative he was expected to help Ruth and Naomi. But don't you think perhaps he wanted to help Ruth anyway because she was so



brave and good? He ended by buying Naomi's piece of land and asking Ruth to marry him.

Isn't that a fine ending? But there is still more to tell about Ruth. She had a little baby boy, and she named him Obed. He grew up and had a son called Jesse. And Jesse was the father of David, the boy who killed Goliath, and became such a great king. So David's great-grandmother was the Ruth who gleaned in the fields of Boaz. We looked at the fields again before we started on.

I wanted to have time to tell you about Rachel too, for we came to the place where she was buried almost four thousand years ago. It is only about two miles from Bethlehem. There is a little white building over the tomb and all the pilgrims stop there. Rachel was Jacob's wife and the mother of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, and became ruler there. Father says that Jacob loved Rachel so much that he worked for her father fourteen years so he could marry her. I know now why so many little Jewish girls are named Rachel. And I am so glad that sister's name is Ruth.

We had stopped so much on the way that it was the middle of the morning when we reached Bethlehem. I want to tell you about that in another letter.

Good-by for now.

Your loving  
DICK.

## 144 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Find on a map the places Dick mentions.
2. Do you know anyone who has left all of his friends and relatives to go to a strange place to live? Why did Ruth do it?
3. How did Ruth help her mother-in-law?
4. What relation was Ruth to David?
5. Why was Dick glad his sister's name was Ruth?
6. Who was Rachel?

## CHAPTER XVIII

### WHERE A SHEPHERD BOY WAS ANOINTED KING

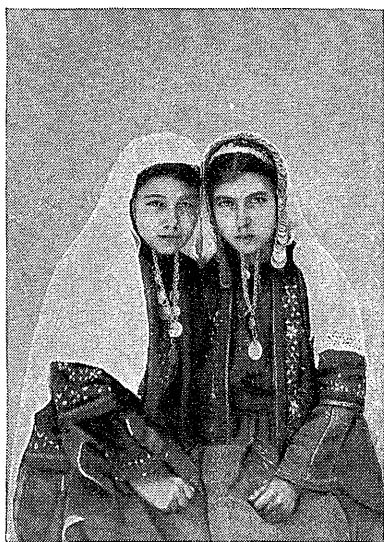
"WHAT three names ought we to remember while we are in Bethlehem, Dick?" asked his father, as they were about to enter the town.

"Jesus is the first one," answered Dick, quickly, "because he was born here. And wouldn't the next be King David, and then his great-grandmother, Ruth?"

"Yes, those are the three," responded Mr. Williams. "But on this visit I want you to think of Bethlehem especially as the place where the boy David grew up."

Dick agreed, and he went into the town trying to imagine David among the group of boys he saw playing by the gate. Down one of the main streets they walked. As usual, there was no sidewalk. The street was walled in by the straight stone fronts of the houses on each side. Most of these houses had little shops on the first floor where workers sat making the things that were to be sold—napkin rings, book racks, book covers, crosses, rosaries, and all sorts of little trinkets of mother-of-pearl and sandal wood. Here, as in Cairo, some of the men used toes as well as hands in manipulating their tools.

They came to the market place. Here merchants squatted on the ground by their baskets of stuff. On one side were cone-shaped piles of grain for sale. Farther on was a group of peasants with goatskins full of sour milk. Cooked meat, beans mixed with garlic, flat loaves of dark-



TWO GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM

looking bread, all were spread out to tempt the buyer. Sheep and goats strayed through the crowd, and on the far side was a group of camels kneeling in the shade of the wall. Here and there were Bethlehem women with pretty white veils falling back from the tall caps they wore.

"I don't see many men or boys with the long curls in front of their ears. Aren't there any Jews here?" asked Dick.

"Very few in Bethlehem, and not many Mohammedans either," said his father. "This is almost entirely a Christian town."

They turned into a side street and entered the shop of a man whom Mr. Williams knew well, a handsome, black-eyed Syrian. He welcomed them graciously, and ushered them through the shop into a room beyond. Dick was surprised to find soft rugs and rich hangings in the room. As they conversed together thick black coffee was served them in tiny cups without handles.

Their host suggested that while Mr. Williams attended to the business for which he had come Dick should wait for him here. Accordingly, the Syrian led Dick out into an attractive court and up an outside stone stairway to the flat roof of the house. Opening off toward the back were two sleeping rooms, and on the roof itself stood a broad divan or couch where Dick was invited to rest.

He scorned the thought of resting. Instead he settled down to read over the stories about David. The sounds of the market nearby reached his ears: men bartering with one another over a peck of grain, the cry of the camelier trying to get his camel and its burden through the crowd, and the call of the water carriers. Had it sounded that way when David lived here? In spite of himself Dick's eyes slowly drooped and he was soon dreaming that a lad with a shepherd's staff and a sling-shot stood beside him inviting him to spend the day out among the hills with the sheep. "I am David," he said. "Come and I will show you how to use my sling. Should

## 148 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

a lion or a bear appear among the flock, we will go out after him and slay him together."

Dick sat up quickly to accept the invitation, but there was no David there. Only a little black-haired Syrian girl was peeping at him from the neighboring roof, and she disappeared when she saw him awake.

When his father at last appeared Dick was peering over the parapet watching a Ford car in the narrow street below.

"Who is driving that Ford?" he asked.

"Oh, that is the director of the Red Cross work in this region," his father responded. "He has his hands full. There are many, many sick and blind people everywhere in Palestine, and thousands of orphans and poor people that need to be cared for and helped. The Red Cross is a wonderful friend to them all."

They went out across the market place to the Church of the Nativity. Entering through a low door, they found themselves in the large vaulted nave of the church. On each side were huge columns of red limestone. Descending a dark, winding stairway they found the central place of interest in a long, cavernous room under the church.

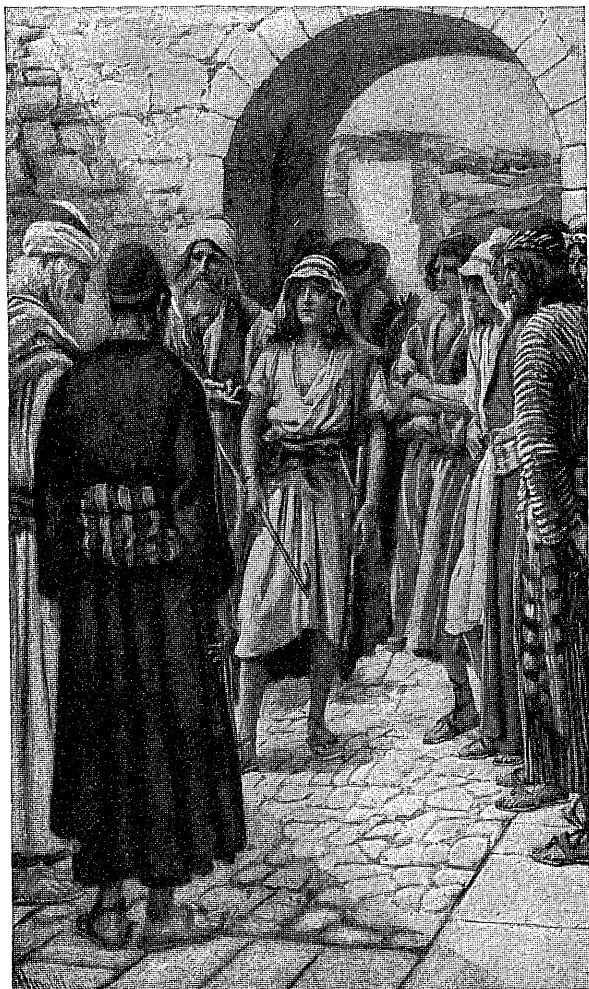
"This is the rock-hewn cave once used as a stable where they say Jesus was born twenty centuries ago," explained Mr. Williams.

Dick's eyes were wide with wonder as he looked around. Instead of cattle and straw he

now saw rich draperies and walls and floors of purest marble. In the floor before the altar was a large silver star bright with the reflection of the many lamps hanging above it. Around the star was a Latin inscription saying, "Here Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary." In a corner near by stood a marble manger to mark the place where the baby Jesus was supposed to have been laid after he was wrapped in swaddling clothes.

As they stood reading the words on the star two pilgrims with staffs in their hands dropped reverently to their knees beside the star, closed their eyes in devout prayer and bent to kiss the gleaming floor. Was this really the place where the wonderful child Jesus was born? These two worshipers had perhaps come thousands of miles to burn their tapers and offer their prayers here. Suddenly Dick too, hardly knowing why he did it, dropped to his knees and bared his head a moment.

Out in the broad glare of daylight once more they made their way through the town to a point on the south which commanded a view over the hills. "I wanted you to look off in this direction, Dick, while we talked about David," said Mr. Williams. "We have just seen the place where Jesus was born. David, more than any other king, helped the Hebrew people to be ready for Jesus. He made them strong in their worship of the one true God, Jehovah. Probably as a boy he was out there on those hills with his sheep



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## THE ANOINTING OF DAVID



when the prophet Samuel ordered David's father to call him in so he could anoint him, a mere lad, as the future king of Israel.' Why was he chosen instead of one of his big, older brothers? The Bible says '*Jehovah seeth* not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart'; and the heart of the boy David was pure and brave and full of trust in Jehovah.

"The Vale of Elah where David met the giant Goliath is off there among the foothills about fifteen miles to the west and a little south. After that brave deed you remember David went with Saul to live at Gibeah until Saul became jealous of him and he had to flee for his life."

"Yes, and he and Jonathan promised to be friends forever, and Jonathan helped David get away," put in Dick.

"True, Jonathan kept his promise and was loyal to his friend in the face of great danger. Now look to the south. Somewhere off there about twelve miles is the cave of Adullam, that we visited on our way to Hebron, where David hid and where hundreds of people came to join him and help him. You remember it is a great cavern big enough for them all to hide in.

"Yet David would not fight against Saul to make himself king. He too was loyal to his king and the father of Jonathan. Again and again he had the opportunity to take Saul's life.

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<sup>1</sup>I Samuel 16. 1-13.

## 152 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

One night in that wilderness east of us Saul lay sleeping in camp with his army. David slipped in among the men to the very place where Saul lay. He carried away Saul's spear and jar of water, but left the king unharmed.

"When Saul awoke and learned that David had been there and had spared his life, his heart warmed toward him and he made peace for awhile until his jealousy got the better of him again.

"Finally when Saul was killed in battle with the Philistines David became king. And a splendid king he made. He conquered the city that is now Jerusalem, and made it the great capital of the Hebrew nation. He carried on wars and made the nation larger and larger. Then he had one accomplishment that we do not usually think of as belonging to a warrior. Do you know what it was?"

"Do you mean that he could play and sing?" answered Dick.

"Yes, he was a musician and a poet. David wrote some of the noble psalms in the Bible. The Jewish people sing them in their services, and we use them in our own responsive readings in church. They are full of love toward God and faith in his goodness. It is no wonder that David was a great king."

The walk back to Jerusalem was made in quicker time than the morning trip. Storm clouds were appearing over the hills. They

walked rapidly and silently, each one thinking over the events of the day.

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe the market place in Bethlehem.
2. What wonderful spot did Dick visit?  
Whom else did he see there?
3. Why was David chosen king above his brothers? Learn what the Bible says about it.
4. What is the Vale of Elah? The cave of Adullam?
5. How did David show his loyalty to Jonathan and to Saul?

## CHAPTER XIX

### A WONDERFUL ROCK

*Dear Miss Merton:*

I wish our whole class could have been with me yesterday! Father took me to see the Dome of the Rock, the great Mohammedan building here at Jerusalem that stands where the old Jewish Temple stood for hundreds of years.

You asked me particularly to write to you about this place when we saw it. I cannot do it very well, there is so much to tell, but father said he would help me.

The Dome of the Rock is the greatest building in all Palestine. As we went toward it we saw many Mohammedan pilgrims in turbans and fez-caps going that way too. They come from all over the world to visit this place, for it is very holy to them.

The Dome of the Rock is on a hill in the north-east corner of the city. The top of the hill is a big plateau. In Bible times this was about a thousand feet square and was called the Temple Area, for the Temple stood on it. At the time of special feast days, father says, this open space about the Temple was crowded with Jews from every part of Palestine. It must have been that

way when Jesus as a boy came with his father and mother and others from Nazareth for the Passover week at Jerusalem. I wonder if while his people were breaking up their camp outside the city wall and starting for home Jesus was walking around the Temple Area just as we did yesterday? Don't you think he was wishing he could have a chance to ask some questions of the learned men at the Temple? There are so many, many things to ask questions about all the time. Probably Jesus thought there were no men back in Nazareth who knew so much as those priests at Jerusalem did. It was his big chance, and so he forgot all about going home.

I could just see Mary and Joseph hurrying through the crowd afterward hunting for him. How they must have started back when they found their boy talking with those important men! His questions and answers were surely big ones if the priests would take time to talk with him that way.

I know you would think the Dome of the Rock very beautiful. It is just what the name says, a dome built over a rock. Instead of being perfectly round, it has eight sides. The upper part is of dark porcelain tiles, and the lower part of white marble. It stands on a big platform that has marble steps leading to it.

At the top of these steps it is "holy ground." A priest met us there and gave us soft slippers to put on over our shoes. Funny, isn't it, that in

## 156 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

our country we take off our hats when we enter a sacred place like a church, while here they leave their heads covered and take off their shoes or else put something over them?

We went on into the building and there in the center under the great dome was the famous rock. I had no idea it was so huge. It is fifty-seven feet long and forty-three feet wide.

Think of all the fires that have been built on it! Father says that the chief way in which the Jews worshiped God, thanking him or telling him they were sorry for their sins, or asking him to help them, was by burning something of value on an altar. They called this a sacrifice. Usually it was an animal or a bird of some kind, a pigeon, or a goat or a lamb. Father told me that that is why the Bible sometimes calls Jesus the "Lamb of God," because his death was a sacrifice.

While I stood looking at the rough, black stone I thought about David. He was the king who first chose this rock as the chief altar of sacrifice to Jehovah. The Bible says that he bought the plateau from a man who used it for threshing grain. The old threshing floor became first an altar of sacrifice and then after a while was made bigger and the great Temple was built on it.

Of course you know that King Solomon, David's son, was the one who built the first Temple. He was a very wise man. Did you know that

he wrote part of the book of Proverbs in the Bible? He was a very rich king too, and he loved beautiful things. He wanted to make the Temple as beautiful as it could be. Great logs of cedar and fir were brought all the way from the Lebanon mountains and floated down the coast on rafts to Joppa and then brought across to Jerusalem. The Bible says "There was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was building." I don't see how they did that, do you?

Father told me that Solomon's Temple was destroyed when Jerusalem was conquered about five hundred years before Christ lived. After a while a second Temple was built in its place, and then only a few years before Jesus was born King Herod started to rebuild it into a beautiful new Temple. So there were really three Temples, one after the other. It was at the last one that Jesus worshiped and taught.

Perhaps you know that the Temple was not like our churches. The people did not go inside to worship. The priests went in, but the people stayed outside in the courts to pray. There were three main courts about the Temple. The Temple stood in the most Inner Court. Just in front of the Temple was the big rock used as an altar. In the Temple itself there was a place called the Holy of Holies. It was so sacred that only the high priest could enter it, and he went in only once a year.

## 158 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

The Jews believed that God was always in their Temple, especially in the Holy of Holies. They had many services there. Every morning and every evening there were sacrifices on the great altar.

Fathers and mothers brought their children to be dedicated to the Lord. Mary and Joseph brought Jesus when he was a baby. Perhaps when the priest said his blessing they stood somewhere near where we were standing.

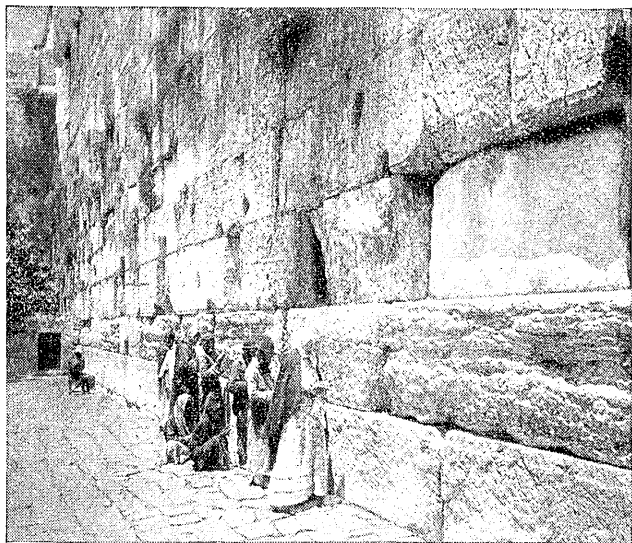
When the big religious festivals were held there was a huge choir that sang—thousands of voices—and they used all sorts of musical instruments. It must have been wonderful to hear them. I suppose they sang some of the psalms of David. Do you remember this one that father showed me?

“Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?  
And who shall stand in his holy place?  
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,  
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,  
And hath not sworn deceitfully” (Psalm 24.  
3-4).

Although the Temple Area is the most holy place in all the world to the Jews, the Moham-medans will not let them visit it. When we left the Dome we went to see what is called the Wailing Place of the Jews. It is a part of the old wall outside of the Temple Area and is the nearest



they can come to their old altar. They gather here to mourn for the old happy days when they had their Temple and ruled over Palestine. We found the wall lined with people, white-haired old men with long beards, women with shawls



WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS

over their heads, and even little children. They were reading their Hebrew prayer books and kissing the old gray stones of the wall.

This is a very long letter, but I hope it is what you wanted me to write. The Mohammedans now have their big building over the great rock of sacrifice and the Temple is gone, but every

## 160 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

Christian who goes there thinks most of the time about David and Solomon and Jesus.

Yours sincerely,

RICHARD WILLIAMS.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Who built the first great Jewish Temple?
2. Where in the Bible can we find writings by Solomon?
3. How many Temples were there?
4. How did the Jews worship God at their Temple?
5. What is a sacrifice?
6. What now stands over the rock of sacrifice?

## CHAPTER XX

### THE COUNTRY OF THE SAMARITANS

It seemed so perfectly natural and homelike. Here they were sitting by the side of the road because there had been a "blowout" and a new tire had to be put on! Yet, they were in Palestine. They had started from Jerusalem that morning in the car of a British official—an unusual treat—and were bound for Nablus, the city called in the Bible Shechem.

"Son," said Mr. Williams, "there is a famous old well about a mile up the road. Shall we walk ahead and see it?"

They started off briskly. The sun was warm, and soon Dick asked, "Father, do you suppose I could get a drink at that little house?" He pointed to a peasant's hut in the distance.

"I wouldn't trust their water, Dick, but we might risk some goat's milk if they have any," and they turned to cross the stony field. They found a rude one-room house built of stones. The roof was made of the boughs of trees chinked together with straw and clay. Outside the door on a mat sat a tired-looking woman mixing dough for the day's bread. Beside her was a little stone mill in which she had already ground the flour

by hand. On her head she wore the usual head-dress of a peasant woman, a little bonnet of cloth with coins fastened on it. Her feet were bare and she had on a dark, loose dress. Her long veil was thrown back from her face.

She quickly drew her veil as the strangers came toward her. Mr. Williams asked for milk. She nodded, put her bowl on the ground, carefully covering it with a straw mat, and went inside, motioning them to follow.

Dick looked around the room curiously. There were no chairs, but on the floor were mats for seats. Against the wall stood three bins for grain and other food. In one corner were large jars for water, olive oil, and olives. He saw baskets, cooking dishes of copper, a clay oven, and a goat-skin water bottle. There was only one tiny window, and the room seemed almost dark.

"Where do they sleep?" he whispered.

"Behind that curtain is a pallet and bedding," answered his father, pointing to one side. "They spread it on the floor at night. Perhaps one or two goats sleep on the other side of the room at the same time."

The woman went to a jar and poured out something thick and white. It tasted to Dick a little like buttermilk, but his father said it was called "leben," a special dish that the peasants make of curdled goat's milk. It quenched their thirst and they started away, Mr. Williams first dropping a coin in the woman's hand.

They walked on. They were in a country of rolling hills and round-topped mountains. From the rocky, barren hillsides about Jerusalem they had come to a region of more fertile soil and cultivated fields.

"We are in Samaria, Dick," explained his



COOKING OUT OF DOORS

father. "Jerusalem, as you know, is in a part of Palestine called Judæa. This region is Samaria, and north of us is Galilee, where Jesus lived most of his life. Here we come to the well."

They had reached a wall surrounding a garden. Inside they found olive and apricot trees, and in their midst the ancient well of Jacob with

a little chapel standing guard over it. They went down stone steps and peered over the curbing into the depths below.

"Seventy-five feet deep," Dick's father remarked. "See how worn the stone is from the rubbing of many ropes. Jacob dug this well about four thousand years ago—yes, the same Jacob you know about, the husband of Rachel and the father of Joseph. It was here that one day Jesus gave his disciples a great surprise. They had walked up this same road and stopped here about noon, hot and dusty and tired, to rest. Jesus stayed by the well while the others went to buy food. When they came back they found him in earnest conversation with a Samaritan woman. It was very unusual for any man to address a strange woman, and it was almost unheard of for a Jew to talk to a Samaritan, man or woman. In Jesus' time the Jews and the Samaritans had nothing to do with each other. An old quarrel separated them. But Jesus wanted everyone, Jew or Samaritan or Greek or whoever he might be, to know about God's love and the right way to live happily. So he went on talking to the woman and ended by going over to her village of Sychar, about a mile from here, and preaching to the Samaritans."<sup>1</sup>

"But, father, what was that old quarrel with the Samaritans?" asked Dick.

"It is too long a story to tell you much about

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<sup>1</sup>John 4. 3-14, 20-30, 39-42.

it. You should know first of all that this region is one of the most sacred in all Palestine. Let us go up to the road where you can look about. Now, do you see those two big mountains ahead? They are the highest summits in Samaria. The one to the right is Mount Ebal; that on the left is Mount Gerizim. Between them on the slope of Gerizim lies the town of Shechem, or Nablus.

"Centuries ago Abraham with his flocks traveled through this valley on his way south. Years afterward his grandson Jacob made the same journey and stopped here. They even claim that the bones of Joseph were brought from Egypt and buried here. And it was in this valley that Joshua, after he had conquered Canaan, called all the Israelites to a great meeting where he read to them the laws Moses had given them from Jehovah.

"So you see what a very important place we are in. The quarrel arose because the Jews looked down on the Samaritans as inferior to themselves. It happened this way:

"While many of the Jews were captives up in Babylon, an important old country north of here——"

"Babylon! Why, how did they get there and why were they captives?" asked Dick.

"That is a very sad part of their history, Dick. There came a time, after Solomon died, when the Israelites seemed to forget the commandments God had given them. They lived wrong

## 166 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

lives and became too weak to resist their enemies. So they were conquered. Jerusalem and Solomon's beautiful Temple were left in ruins and thousands of Jews were made slaves and taken to Babylon.

"And as I started to say, it was while they were there that many people who were not Jews came to live in Samaria. These foreigners and the Jews who were left all grew up together with many foreign ways and ideas. Just suppose that half of the people in our own town were taken away and in their place there came the same number of people from some other country—Italians, or French, or Russians. It would seem to us like a different town, wouldn't it? It might be just as good a town, but it would seem strange to us.

"And so it was that when the Jews were at last allowed to come back from Babylon and rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple, the Samaritans seemed strange to them. They did not consider them real Jews. They thought that only a real Jew could worship Jehovah rightly, so they would not even allow the Samaritans to worship in the new Temple.

"This made the Samaritans very angry. They remembered the wonderful history of their part of the country. 'After all,' they said, 'this is the true place to worship Jehovah,' and they built their own temple here on Mount Gerizim. That was why it happened that the Samaritan woman



said to Jesus, 'Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.'<sup>1</sup> And Jesus told her that it made no difference where in all the world one worshiped God. He could worship him anywhere if he truly loved him.

"Jesus tried to help the Jews see that the Samaritans were their 'neighbors.' One of their great commandments was 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'<sup>2</sup> In Jesus' story of the 'good Samaritan,' who was the good man who helped the poor traveler by the roadside? A Samaritan. And the two men who passed by and left him to die were Jews. Jesus dared to say by that story that some of the very people the Jews thought were not good enough to be their friends were being more kind and generous than the Jews themselves.

"In Jesus' last talk with his disciples he gave a very definite command, 'Ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and——' what came next, Dick? 'and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.' "

Dick was thoughtful a moment. "Father," he said, slowly, "I think I know some people in our town, even right in our school, that are something like those Jews and Samaritans. Did you know Tony? He is the smartest boy in our room, but his father and mother can't speak English.

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<sup>1</sup>John 4. 20.

<sup>2</sup>Leviticus 19. 18.

## 168 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

I wonder, do you suppose, he would like to try riding on my bicycle, sometimes?"

Honk! Honk! Before Mr. Williams could answer, the big car was beside them and they were starting on their way again on the road toward Shechem.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe Dick's visit to the peasant's hut.
2. In what way does the country of Samaria differ from Judæa?
3. Why were the disciples surprised to find Jesus talking to the Samaritan woman?
4. Should Americans consider themselves better than people of other countries?
5. How did the Samaritans come to build a temple of their own on Mount Gerizim?
6. Do we have to be in church to worship God?
7. What does it mean to "worship in spirit and in truth"?

## CHAPTER XXI

### A LITTLE GROUP OF FAITHFUL PEOPLE

"HERE we are!" It had seemed but a moment since the car left Jacob's Well and swung westward through the valleys between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, past olive groves and fields of cactus, into the streets of Nablus.

Now they were stopping before the entrance of the Latin Mission House, where Dick's father had often stopped on his trips to this town. Here they were conducted to two bare little rooms where no doubt many a dark-robed monk had lived and prayed during the years since the old convent was built. They washed off the dust of their journey and started forth to see the town.

"This must be a big place," remarked Dick, as they walked through the long streets.

"Yes, it is one of the largest cities in Palestine. It is three times as large as Bethlehem. Do you notice that we do not see any Jews? These people are almost all Mohammedans. There is just a tiny group of Samaritans still living here, and they are hated and persecuted by their Moslem neighbors."

## 170 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

"See those funny-looking donkeys," exclaimed Dick. "Are they carrying water?" A string of donkeys was filing down the street laden with bulging goatskins. The little beasts seemed lost under their burdens.

"No, that is olive oil ready to be shipped off to Egypt perhaps. It comes from those fine olive orchards we passed on the way."

Dick was sniffing and looking about. "What is that I smell?" he asked.

"Soap, good, clean olive oil soap. It is being made in that factory across the street, and quantities of it are manufactured here. I wish they would use more of it in Nablus itself instead of sending so much away. The streets and some of the people certainly look as if they needed it. Oh, here is the place I was looking for. Let us go in."

They had come to a square, white-washed building, the synagogue of the Samaritans still remaining in Shechem. Inside they had the good fortune to find the Samaritan high priest in his silken robes and red headdress. He was just dismissing a class of little Samaritan boys. They looked curiously at Dick as they passed out. Their clothing was shabby, but their clean, clear skin and fine dark eyes made them a handsome-looking group.

As the priest was already acquainted with Mr. Williams, he honored them by taking from its silver case and spreading before them the ancient

scroll of parchment on which was written the Pentateuch.

"What is it, father?" whispered Dick. He could not read the strange Hebrew lettering.

"The Pentateuch," his father explained, "consists of the first five books of the Bible. It is all the Bible that the Samaritans believe in. They claim that the copy before us was written by the great grandson of Aaron, the brother of Moses. It is their greatest treasure."

They thanked the stately old man and gave him money for the help of his people. Dick learned that there were now less than one hundred and fifty Samaritans in all. They found it difficult to earn enough to live on in the midst of unfriendly neighbors. Yet in spite of everything they remained loyal to their religion.

"It would be much easier for them if they should turn Mohammedans," remarked Mr. Williams. "But they are willing to suffer rather than do that. How would you like to go up to Mount Gerizim and see the old place where they have their yearly feast?"

Dick agreed quickly, so they had lunch in a Syrian cafe and started on their climb. It took them just one hour to reach a broad place on one side of the mountain, held sacred by the Samaritans.

"They come here once a year," Mr. Williams said. "If we were here about Easter time, we should see them gathering by families to camp

## 172 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

for a week on this open space to celebrate the feast of the Passover. They are the only people left who observe it in just the way described in the Pentateuch, the way that Moses started when he led the Israelites.<sup>1</sup> We would see them kill seven lambs for the sacrifice, and sprinkle the blood over the entrance to each tent, as the Hebrews did, long ago in Egypt. You remember the story of how the angel of death passed over their homes because the sign of blood was there?<sup>2</sup>

"Then that night after the seven lambs were roasted we would hear them singing psalms and feasting together. Can you imagine how it was in the old days when a splendid temple stood here, and people thronged up the mountainside at the Passover season?"

"What is that snowcap 'way off there in the north, father? I can just see it."

"That is Mount Hermon, the giant of the mountains of Syria. And can you see the blue strip over there in the west? That is the Mediterranean. Do you remember putting the Mount Carmel range on your map? There it is off in the northwest. And there beyond it is the Plain of Esdraelon where more important battles have been fought than on any other plain in the world. That is where General Allenby had his final big battle with the Turks."

As they started down the mountainside Dick

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<sup>1</sup>Exodus 12. 1-11.

<sup>2</sup>Exodus 12. 21-29.

called attention to the smoke of a train puffing along from the north.

"Yes, that is probably coming from Haifa, the city on the Mediterranean near Mount Carmel," said Mr. Williams. "The railroad from Damascus to Egypt passes through Nablus, and there is a branch to Haifa which will soon make that a more important port than Jaffa. To-morrow night some of the passengers on that train may be in Cairo. It goes down past Gaza, where we started for Egypt."

Dick and his father were invited with the British officer to take dinner that night in the home of one of the prosperous merchants of Nablus. Dick felt greatly honored to be included in the invitation. The house they entered looked plain and unattractive on the outside, but Dick stopped a moment in surprise when he saw the inside. Thick rugs covered the floors. The walls of the reception room where they were to eat their meal were highly decorated with inlaid marble and colored stones. A low couch ran around three sides of the room covered with silken cushions. There was no other furniture. One window looked out upon a lovely court with a splashing fountain and shade trees.

Following the Oriental custom they left their shoes at the entrance before stepping up into the higher floor of the "lewan," or reception parlor. This was the same as removing one's hat on entering a house. Their host would ordinarily have

received them with a kiss on the right cheek which they would have been expected to return. But he knew a little about foreign ways, so he offered his hand instead, and they shook hands in true American fashion. That at once made Dick feel more at home. They were then invited to seats on the divan, or couch. Their host seated himself in one corner and placed the British officer on his right, Mr. Williams on his left, and Dick next on his right. Dick recalled that it was very important that guests should sit in the order of their rank. Was it in the Bible that he had read about two disciples wanting the seats of honor on the right and left of Jesus? As he was wondering about this a servant came toward him and poured water over his hands, wiping them carefully with a towel. Then another servant brought in perfume, sprinkling a little on each person.

Dick secretly admired the rich, loose, silken robes of their host. His undergarment or tunic was bound loosely around the waist with a bright-colored silk girdle that must have been many yards long. Over his tunic was a striped silk robe of red and gold, lined with fur. On his head he wore a colored turban. "I wish we could dress up that way sometimes," Dick thought. "Those clothes must be comfortable as well as pretty."

A servant put before them a small table. On it he set a tray much larger than the table, and

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<sup>1</sup>Mark 10. 35-37.



on this was placed the food. Dick could not keep track of the courses, nor name many of the things they had to eat. He remembered that the one main dish was boiled rice mixed with butter and tiny pieces of meat. There were onions in abundance, and, of course, olives and figs and other fruit. They ate with their fingers from the common dish in the center of the table. But Dick noticed that their host managed to do this in a most delicate way, considering how ill-mannered it seemed.

On their way home that night Dick's thoughts went back to the little class of boys he had seen in the synagogue. "I suppose the Samaritans do not have beautiful houses, and fine dinners like the one we had to-night," he remarked.

"No, Dick, they are giving up a great deal that they might have, for the sake of what they think is right."

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. What did Dick learn about Nablus?
2. What is the Pentateuch?
3. Where do the Samaritans celebrate their Passover?
4. Locate Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim on the map.
5. Describe Dick's dinner at the merchant's home.

## CHAPTER XXII

### SPEAKERS FOR GOD

"WAKE up, young man! We have another fine trip ahead of us." Dick's father roused him from sleep with the information that they were off for the town of Samaria. The car of their British friend would be at the door in just half an hour.

Dick hustled into his clothes, and they were soon on the road leading northwest from Nablus. They drove six miles over rolling hills and across a beautiful valley dotted with olive trees. On both sides were broad, open fields.

"This is called 'Barley Vale,'" said Dick's father. "It will be a busy place in April when the harvest begins."

"Isn't it queer to have harvest in spring instead of fall?" asked Dick.

"They cannot grow much of anything here during the summer. The earth becomes too hard with the intense heat and lack of rain. But the fruits ripen over the summer. August is the great time for ripe grapes when the peasants fairly live in the vineyards. Now look at that big hill rising out of the plain ahead of us with no other hills near. That is where the old royal

city of Samaria stood, three hundred feet above the plain. After Solomon died there were two kings over the Israelites. One lived at Jerusalem, where David and Solomon had lived. The other one ruled here on this hill."

Reaching the foot of the hill, they left the car and started up the slope. Dick was not much impressed with the little group of wretched-looking houses that made up the present village of "Sebaste." But the village was shortly forgotten in other sights. He saw the ruin of a big church called the Church of Saint John, built by the crusaders long ago. His eyes opened wide when they came to a great row of broken stone pillars, some of them sixteen feet high, extending for almost a mile around the hillside. "That was once a street lined with stone columns built by Herod the Great. You remember he was the Roman king who ruled over Palestine when Jesus was born," Mr. Williams explained.

They climbed a stone stairway to the summit of the hill. There they found the remains of what was once a stately temple. "Here on the crown of the hill stood Herod's city of Samaria, called 'Sebaste' in the time of Christ," continued Mr. Williams. "Over eight hundred years before Herod's time the king named Ahab and the wicked queen Jezebel had their palace here, and the fearless old prophet Elijah denounced them for their sins. Do you remember about them, Dick?"

## 178 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

“Was that the time when Elijah called all the priests of Baal to meet him on a mountain and pray to Baal for fire to burn a sacrifice? Then when the priests had prayed and prayed and nothing happened because, of course, there was no god Baal, Elijah prayed to our God, and fire came and burned up everything?”<sup>1</sup>

“Yes, that is the story, and over there across the plain is Mount Carmel, where it all happened.

“Can you see that great company assembled in the plain by the mountain, with King Ahab and haughty Jezebel among them? How tired they must have grown waiting hour after hour for the answer that never came while the priests prayed. And what a shout they gave when God’s lightning struck the altar until it blazed high before them all while Elijah prayed. They were terrified with the wonder of it and fell on their faces crying, ‘The Lord he is God, the Lord he is God.’”

“I should think that would have stopped Ahab and Jezebel from worshiping Baal again,” remarked Dick.

“No, it did not. The faith of the people was strengthened for a time, but Jezebel and Ahab continued in their wickedness, though the prophet warned them again and again. Finally they both died terrible deaths.”

“What is a prophet?” was Dick’s final question, as they started back to their car.

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<sup>1</sup>1 Kings 18. 17-40.

"A prophet is a man who has a message from God to the people. Sometimes we use the word when we speak of a person who can foretell what is going to happen, like the 'weather prophet,' but that is not the big meaning. When we speak of the prophets in the Bible we mean those strong men of God like Elijah who dared to stand out against the sins that kings like Ahab and his people were committing. They warned the Israelites that if they kept on sinning, a terrible disaster would come to them.

"Often these prophets came out of the wilderness where they had had time to be alone with God. They gave the messages boldly, though many were persecuted and some were killed for speaking out. Sometimes they pictured their prophecy to the people by what they did. For instance, one prophet led the elders outside of the city gate, and taking in his hand an earthen jar he smashed it on a stone. 'So,' said he, 'this nation will be smashed unless it obeys the voice of God.'

"Another prophet cut off his hair. One fourth of it he threw to the winds, one fourth of it he burned with fire, one fourth he chopped with a knife, and the remaining fourth he tucked in his girdle. 'So,' he said, 'would the nation be destroyed, but a remnant would be saved.' "

"What they prophesied came true, didn't it, father?" put in Dick.

"Yes, we know that their enemies swept down

## 180 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

from the north and conquered the Israelites, and thousands of them became slaves. It was only after long years of hardship that a little company of them came back to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple.

"That was a terrible punishment for God's chosen people. But when their wealth and freedom were gone they turned back to Jehovah, as their one great Friend. As they lived nearer to him a wonderful message that had been heard only dimly before began to ring out through the words of their prophets. There was a great hope! God would bring them a Saviour, a Messiah, who would build a new and glorious kingdom!"

"And that was Jesus?" asked Dick.

"Yes, that was Jesus. His own people did not know him when he came because, you remember, they expected a wonderful new king like David, who would rule over the Jews alone and make their nation big and strong again.

"But Jesus came to start a kingdom not for the Jews only, but for everyone in the world who wants to live the way he taught his followers."

They were nearing the village they had passed so hastily before. Strange sounds greeted their ears. They came in sight of a group of women under a tree walking slowly round and round chanting, wailing a weird sort of song. Their headdresses were off, their hair fell in disorder about their faces. Their clothes looked old and

disheveled. The cheeks of some were streaked with black soot. As they marched slowly in a circle occasionally two or three would break away and dance a queer slow dance.

"A company of mourners," exclaimed Mr. Williams. "Some one in the village has just died. This is evidently just the beginning of the public mourning. The group will probably grow larger with friends who come from other villages to sympathize. It may last for several days. It is always the women who are the chief mourners. The men do the singing at weddings.

"Strange we should see this just as we are talking about the prophets. Many times they spoke of this kind of mourning when they described the calamity that was coming on the Israelites for their wrongdoing. Jeremiah said to Jerusalem:

"O daughter of my people, gird thee with sackcloth, and wallow thyself in ashes: make thee mourning, as for an only son, most bitter lamentation; for the destroyer shall suddenly come upon us."<sup>1</sup>

"That describes this group fairly well, does it not?"

As they climbed into the car the mournful dirge still sounded in their ears. Dick looked back at the great hill behind them where once had stood a glorious city, and it seemed as if the song of mourning were for the destruction that had left those wonderful buildings a mass of ruins.

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<sup>1</sup>Jeremiah 6. 26.

## 182 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

“Jeremiah’s words were as true for Samaria and Sebaste,” he thought, “as they were for Jerusalem. I wonder if there are any real prophets to-day?”

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Ask your Sunday school teacher who are the major and who are the minor prophets, and find the books bearing their names.
2. How did some of the prophets tell their message?
3. What was the great hope the prophets foretold?
4. What prophecy did the mourners suggest?
5. Tell the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

THEY were in Bethlehem again. But what a different place it was. The narrow streets were crowded. The market place was filled to overflowing and a constant stream of people passed in and out of the low door of the Church of the Nativity.

It was the day before Christmas. All week the pilgrims and tourists had been gathering in the little town for the great Christmas service. There came a fine-looking Bethlehem woman with her white veil and blue dress clean and fresh. Near her were two British soldiers in uniform trying to get away from the men and children selling post cards and souvenirs who attempted to follow them. Dick's eye quickly caught a group of tourists. He could easily tell them by their European dress. Next his attention was attracted by a group of tired-looking pilgrims. One could recognize very quickly the difference between the tourists and the so-called pilgrims. The former were traveling for pleasure and had a prosperous look; the latter had usually made the journey at great sacrifice in order to see Christ's country before they died. Their clothes were poor, and they looked ill fed.

"I happen to know the story of that man." Dick's father pointed out a gray-bearded, bent old man in the group. "He is a Russian peasant. All his life he saved money to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Just when he had enough for the journey a war broke out in Russia. His home and what little he owned was destroyed, but just in time to escape capture he buried his little hoard in the ground. It was three years before he managed to get out of the country and secure steerage passage to Palestine. Now that he is here I suppose he is one of the happiest men alive, though so worn with hardships he can hardly walk. He will probably not live long."

They had been invited to take their evening meal at a Protestant mission school. Here they found some of the happy celebration and spirit of mystery that belonged to Christmas Eve at home. The rooms were brightly decorated, and Dick saw teachers in whispered consultation, and the secret wrapping of packages. So there were to be presents too. Dick felt a wave of homesickness. What would he find in the package from America waiting for them in Jerusalem?

After they had finished supper a group of Syrian boys of Dick's own age rose and sang Christian hymns. One they had learned in English, and as they sang it Dick thought of his own class of junior boys in the Sunday school as they stood in the snow on Christmas Eve a year ago and sang from house to house:

“O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.”

The Christmas service at the Church of the Nativity began at ten-thirty that night. Each seat was filled long before the hour. To Dick the service was one long, wonderful dream of music, chanting, reading, and processions. The beautiful decorations, the many glittering lamps hanging from the ceiling, the pictures, the rich robes of the priests, the many candles, the air heavy with incense, all made the place seem quite unreal. For hours he sat watching and listening. For a long time he heard priests droning something in a strange language. Suddenly at midnight there was a hush. The organ began to play a lullaby. The curtain above the altar was drawn back and there in a manger cradle was the representation of the baby Jesus.

Instantly the choir and organ burst into the angels' song, "Gloria in Excelsis"—"Glory in the Highest!" Then followed more processions in which the Bishop carried the "Bambino"—the Child—up and down through the aisles. It was magnificent!

Dick was thrilled and excited. He had no

## 186 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

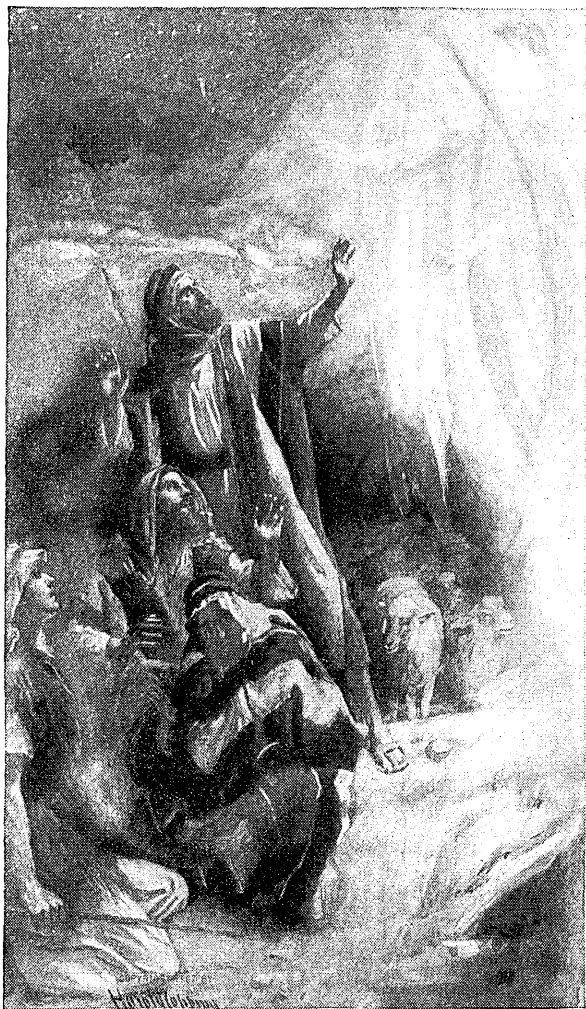
trouble in keeping awake, for his father had insisted on a long afternoon's rest in preparation for a night without sleep. But when at last they found their way out into the cool night air he felt dazed and blinded.

"Come," said his father finally. "Let us get away from here before the crowd leaves the church. Bethlehem will be full to overflowing tonight. We will rest a few minutes and then walk back to Jerusalem. It is a wonderful night for it."

So they found a place out on the hillside where they could stretch full length on the ground and look up at the sky. It seemed strangely still after all they had been hearing, and Dick thought he had never seen such wonderful stars as were shining overhead. They heard the tinkle of a camel's bell out on the highway, and the bleat of a sheep in the distance.

Soon they started on again. "What were those four priests reading all that time at the church, father?" asked Dick, still thinking of the service.

"They were reading in Latin from the four Gospels. Part of it was the beautiful Christmas story. Don't you almost know it from memory? Luke tells us how Mary and Joseph had to come all the way from Nazareth to register at Bethlehem, because they belonged to the family of David, and Bethlehem, you remember, was his town. Can't you see them trudging up



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## THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM

## 188 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

this long hill at the end of their journey, Mary too tired to walk another step, and Joseph so anxious to find a comfortable place where his young wife could rest and be cared for?

“How disappointed they were! All that was left in the crowded town was a corner in the stable of the inn, a cave in the rocky hillside. And there that night occurred the wonderful birth that roused the shepherds and brought the Wise Men from the East! ‘She brought forth her first born son, and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.’

“It is not so very different out here in the open from what it was two thousand years ago, Dick; the same fields, the same stars, the same highway leading from Jerusalem. We can even hear the sheep near by; maybe there is a shepherd with them ‘abiding in the fields by night.’ Not far from here, but too far for us to go at this hour, is a place called the ‘Field of the Shepherds,’ where they say the shepherds of old heard the angels’ song.

“It was wonderful to hear ‘Gloria in Excelsis’ in that service at the church, but how much more wonderful it was to hear the words burst from the sky and an angel voice proclaim, ‘Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord! And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped

## CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM 189

in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.' And then think of seeing the heavenly host appear, praising God and saying,  
'Glory to God in the highest,  
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased'!

"It is no wonder that when the vision was gone the shepherds hurried to Bethlehem and hunted until they found the baby Jesus, and then spread the news about what they had seen and heard so that everyone wondered.

"And the young mother lying there quietly with the baby wondered, too. She 'kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart.' And how much more she must have wondered when not only the shepherds knew about her Baby, but also three magnificent Wise Men came with their camel trains and their rich gifts to bow down in that little stable."

"Look at that star up there, father. There is a bright one that seems to stand right over Bethlehem. Do you suppose that could be the one the Wise Men saw?"

"It is a bright one, isn't it?" Dick's father answered. "We don't know what star it was. But, look, we have reached the hill where we can see both cities. Over there is a well called the Well of the Magi. There is an old story that this is where the Wise Men stopped in their journey until the star reappeared and showed them Bethlehem. See, there comes a camel train now,

## 190 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

traveling in the night. Can you imagine that they belong to the Magi?"

They stood to one side while the camels shuffled solemnly by. No doubt their drivers often found it necessary to tell their way at night by the stars, but they found no reason for stopping here this time.

As Dick and his father at last arrived at the hotel, faint streaks of light were appearing in the east, coloring the hills in rich shades of purple and red. A deep-toned bell was telling them that this was the dawn of Christmas Day in Christ's own land! Dick thought again of the package waiting for them in their room. Would mother and sister be glad to-day over the scarf and other things that he and father had chosen and packed so carefully.

They reached their room. Eagerly Dick tore off the wrappings of the American parcel: a book of snapshots of mother and Ruth, a large silver lead pencil apiece, and some handkerchiefs that mother had initialed. They were simple presents that could go through the mail easily, but they made Dick very happy.

"Father," he said, as they turned in for a good sleep. "Couldn't we go to that orphanage this afternoon, the one we visited the other day, and take a couple of the boys out driving or for supper? Wouldn't that be real Christmas-y?"

"That is a fine plan, son. We'll see about it,"



## CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM 191

his father answered, drowsily, as he dropped asleep.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Why do throngs of people visit Bethlehem at Christmas time?
2. Describe the Christmas service at the Church of the Nativity.
3. Commit to memory the hymn that the boys of the mission school sang.
4. What do you think was the best part of Dick's Christmas?
5. The Bible story for this lesson is found in Luke 2. 1-20 and in Matthew 2. 1-12. Read the story in one of these places.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### WHERE THE BOY JESUS LIVED

DICK and his father had been living quietly at Jerusalem for several weeks before Mr. Williams found reason for further travel. But one day he came in with a new plan.

"We won't soon forget our Christmas night at Bethlehem, will we, Dick? How would you now like to spend a week or so near the place where Jesus lived his boyhood days and where he did his first preaching? But no automobile for us this time. We will travel the way most of the tourists have gone for years past."

And so it happened that Dick and his father started up to Galilee on horseback from Jerusalem. They had a guide, or dragoman, who provided the horses, the tents, and the food; also a "Mukhari," who took care of the horses. Each night they would find their camp all ready for them when they rode up. The attendants had gone on ahead, chosen the place for the encampment and prepared the dinner.

They took their time. They stopped to visit Bethel, or "Beitin," a little village on the hillside, where four thousand years ago Abraham once built an altar,<sup>1</sup> and where later his grandson,

<sup>1</sup> Genesis 12. 8.

Jacob, spent the night on his lonely journey up to Mesopotamia to get Rachel, and had a wonderful dream that God would bless him and all of his descendants.<sup>1</sup>

They camped a night near Shiloh, where the old tabernacle had once stood where Samuel as a boy heard God calling him.<sup>2</sup> They stopped again outside of Shechem, then crossed the Barley Vale, past Samaria and the Plain of Dothan, for a night's camp near the ancient town of Jezreel. Here was another place connected with the story of Ahab and Elijah.<sup>3</sup> From it Dick could look across the beautiful plain of Esdraelon to Mount Carmel stretching its way into the Mediterranean.

The delicate green of the fields of new grain, the richer green of the groves and vineyards, the protecting slopes of the distant mountains all made a scene of such peace that it was difficult to imagine the mighty battles that had been waged in this place.

"The last one was the biggest of all," thought Dick as he recalled General Allenby's remarkable campaign in the World War when he captured over one hundred thousand Turks and brought Palestine once more under Christian rule.

At last, after passing over the shoulder of

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<sup>1</sup> Genesis 28. 10, 18.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Samuel 3. 1-18.

<sup>3</sup> 1 Kings 21.1-23.

## 194 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

Mount Gilboa, they saw just ahead of them, over a wide plain, the high hills in the midst of which lies the village of Nazareth.

"Do you see that big notch in the hill shaped like a huge V just ahead of us?" asked Dick's father, as they rode across the plain. "We go up a road leading through that notch, and there lies the little city in a bowl-like hollow, surrounded by the summits of the hills."

"Father," exclaimed Dick, "what pretty wild flowers these are! What are those red ones that seem to be everywhere?"

"The red blossoms are poppies. But look at those wonderfully fine heads of red clover. And there is the cyclamen growing wild. These hills are covered with a great variety of flowers. And, Dick, it was over these hills that Jesus played when a boy. The wild flowers he picked and loved were no doubt the same as these. Do you remember how one day during his ministry, when he was standing on a hillside talking to a group of people, he began to tell them how much his Father in heaven loved them, and how he would care for them? Probably he saw tired, anxious eyes looking into his, and he wanted them to be happy and to lose their worried look. So he told them about the birds and the flowers.

"Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow,

they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. . . . Be not therefore anxious.'

"Do you suppose that while he was talking he pointed to a little sparrow teetering on the twig of an olive tree, and that he stooped and gathered a handful of wild flowers at his feet?"

Dick did not answer, but he reined in his horse, and dismounting by the roadside tucked a red poppy and a blue anemone into his Bible. He knew his mother would love to have flowers from the hills of Jesus' home.

Entering Nazareth, they secured quarters in a comfortable hotel and the next day started out to see the town. They found it unusually neat and attractive, and far cleaner than most of the towns they had been through. Some of the white-walled houses boasted red-tiled roofs and many had little balconies overlooking the street. Here and there they caught glimpses of gardens.

"Nazareth, like Bethlehem," said Dick's father, "is largely a Christian town. There are good mission schools here and hospitals and churches. The town is so shut in among the hills you would scarcely know it was here as you rode across the plain, yet in those olden days the great caravan trains from north to south passed very near it. Its people knew what was going on in the world. Jesus was a well-informed and well-educated man."

## 196 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

“Are there any stories about him when he was a boy?” asked Dick.

“Only that one in Luke about his visit to Jerusalem when he was twelve.<sup>1</sup> He was not much older than you are, was he? That must have been a great experience to him, to hold the attention of the most learned men in Jerusalem with his earnest questions and answers. But afterward he came back with his parents to the little town of Nazareth and did his work of carpentering quietly and faithfully for many long years before he was ready to start on the greatest work God had given him to do.

“They say that Joseph died while Jesus was a young man, and since he was the oldest child he had the responsibility of caring for his mother, Mary, and his brothers and sisters. If that is so, he undoubtedly had to work very hard and patiently during those years in Nazareth.”

They visited a carpenter shop with its workbench and tools much like the shop of Joseph where Jesus learned his trade. Then they stopped to take a drink from the ancient Fountain of the Virgin, and to watch the women filling their big water jars and carrying them away on their heads. Did that woman there with the beautiful dark-eyed boy at her side look at all like Mary, who had probably come here often with the boy Jesus? Dick wondered as he watched them.

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<sup>1</sup> Luke 2. 40-51.

"Dick, will you look up Luke fourth chapter and verses sixteen to thirty for me?"

Dick found the place and began reading: "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up and read. . . ."

"Do you see that Greek church on the hill over there?" questioned Mr. Williams. "That is where they say the old synagogue stood where Jesus went to preach that time when he came back to Nazareth. This is Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. If this were in Jesus' time, we would go up to the synagogue and listen. We would see the attendant put the scroll containing the words of Isaiah into the hands of Jesus. We would see him stand and read those wonderful words which referred to the great Messiah that the Jews expected some day:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me,  
Because he hath anointed me to preach good  
tidings to the poor;  
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the  
captives,  
And recovering of sight to the blind,  
To set at liberty them that are bruised,  
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.'

"Then we would see him take his seat on the platform before the congregation of Jewish men

## 198 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

seated on rugs on the floor. It was the custom for the preacher to remain seated during his address.

“ ‘And he closed the book, and gave it back to the attendant, . . . and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on him.’ Then came that astonishing statement: ‘To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears.’ In other words, ‘I am the Messiah!’

“We would see the men lean forward, listening to him in astonishment for awhile, then becoming more and more restless. They would not believe that this carpenter’s son whom they had known so well had a right to make such a claim. Finally, we would see them rise up in a body and drive him out of the synagogue ready to throw him off of a cliff. But you remember he slipped quietly away and they never saw him in Nazareth again.”

“Where is the cliff they took him to?” asked Dick.

“It was doubtless on the edge of the town,” his father replied. “There is a steep rock peak to the south where they may have intended to cast him headlong.”

“How disappointed Jesus must have been to be thrown out by his own people,” said Dick, thoughtfully.

“Yes, Richard, those who were nearest to him, whom doubtless he had served many times in humble ways, were jealous and narrow, and could



not see his greatness. They missed a wonderful opportunity and lost the greatest Friend they ever had."

# THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Locate on the map the places Dick saw on his way to Nazareth.
2. Find the Bible references—  
To the altar Abraham built at Bethel.  
To the dream Jacob had.  
To God calling the boy Samuel.  
To the prophet Elijah and the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel.
3. What did Jesus say about the flowers and birds around Nazareth?
4. How old was the boy Jesus when he went to Jerusalem, and what happened there?
5. What happened when Jesus read the Scriptures at Nazareth?

## CHAPTER XXV

### "COME, FOLLOW ME"

"How long is the trip, father?" They were climbing into the saddle once more, ready to start for the Sea of Galilee.

"Sixteen miles or so," answered his father. "We ought to be able to make it in a few hours."

They were in high spirits as they turned their horses into the highway that led to the northeast. The men with the tents had already gone ahead.

A few miles brought them in sight of the village of Cana, built against the hillside, not far from the main road. Here Mr. Williams retold the story of the wedding feast when Jesus contributed to the pleasure of the party by turning water into wine so there would be enough for all.<sup>1</sup>

"This may have been the very place where they drew the water for the feast," he added, pointing to the village well beside the road. They did not enter the village but stopped just long enough to water their horses at the trough beside the spring.

It was a ride long to be remembered. The hills, though almost bare of trees, were nevertheless beautiful against the sky. The fields showed the fresh green of coming spring. The flowers were in profusion everywhere.

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<sup>1</sup>John 2. 1-11.

“Look to the south, Dick. There is Mount Tabor, one of the most beautiful mountains in all Palestine. Once in that long-ago, before there were any kings over Israel, a woman named Deborah inspired an army of Israelites to rush down that mountain against the enemy in the plain below, and to rout them completely.<sup>1</sup>

“Beyond Mount Tabor you just see the Hill of Moreh, known as ‘Little Hermon.’ On that hillside is a village where Luke tells us a widow once lived with an only son.<sup>2</sup> The son died. As the funeral procession was coming from the village Jesus met it. He saw the sorrowing mother; he stopped the group and called the son back to life again.”

But the crowning sight of the day was Dick’s first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee. First they saw a blue haze between the hills ahead. Then, in a little over an hour, they reined in their horses on the heights above the city of Tiberias and looked down upon the shore hundreds of feet below them, seven hundred feet below sea level. There before them in all its glory lay the shining waters of the famous lake surrounded by softly curving hills and bordered with a strip of golden sand. They could see almost the whole expanse of the thirteen miles from north to south, and across the six miles to the opposite shore. Down the steep zigzagging road they went to the dilapi-

<sup>1</sup>Judges 4. 1-16.

<sup>2</sup>Luke 7. 11-16.

## 202 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

dated-looking town of Tiberias. Their camp was set up on the shore outside of the town, and they were soon enjoying a glorious bath in the clear waters of the lake.

After their bath and a good supper prepared by the dragoman they were ready to "turn in." They sank into sleep with that rarest of music in their ears, the lapping of the wavelets on the beach.

Sunrise over Galilee! It was a picture that Dick would keep with him always. He and his father stole quietly out of their tent, and, taking their Testaments with them, spent the early hours of Sunday morning in a secluded place up the shore. Here they watched the shafts of light creep across the hills and flood the lake while they talked and read about the ministry of Jesus as he walked along the Galilæan shores.

"What is that man doing?" asked Dick, pointing to a man standing waist deep in the water.

"He is fishing. See, he already has a string of fish tied to his waist in the water. At night and early morning are the good times to fish. Some of the fishermen stay out in their boats all night long and fish with their nets. Do you recall how one morning Jesus appeared on the shore and called to some of his disciples out in a boat? They had been fishing the long night through and had caught nothing. 'Children, have ye ought to eat?' They answered him, 'No!' 'Cast the net on the right side of the boat,' he or-



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## THE CALL OF ANDREW AND PETER

dered. They obeyed him and found they were in the midst of a shoal of fishes, so many that they almost broke the net.<sup>1</sup>

"Jesus had a deep respect for these strong, simple fishermen. He chose his first intimate friends and followers from among them."

They turned to the story in Mark: "And passing along by the Sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew the brother of Simon casting a net in the sea; for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And straightway they left the nets, and followed him. And going on a little farther he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the boat mending their nets. And straightway he called them; and they left their father Zebedee in the boat with the hired servants and went after him."<sup>2</sup>

"At that time Jesus had come from Nazareth to live at the town of Capernaum on the shore north of here," said Mr. Williams. "These young fishermen had probably heard of his new teachings, and they knew, too, of the wonderful deeds of kindness that were a part of his daily life. Perhaps they already knew him personally. But whatever had happened beforehand there must have been something so compelling in his quiet invitation that morning that they had no

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<sup>1</sup>John 21. 1-6.

<sup>2</sup>Mark 1. 16-20.

questions. They simply rose up and followed him.

“Have you ever stopped to think where that ‘following him’ led them? For three years they lived almost daily with him. He called eight more to their number. He taught them day by day. He sent them forth in poverty to preach in other villages. They followed him to the cross. They received his last command to be his witnesses to all the world, and they continued to follow him by founding the Christian Church.

“John followed him with a long life of ministry among the Greeks at a place called Ephesus.

“James, his brother, followed him and was killed for his faith.

“Andrew went to tell the gospel in Greece, and it is said he met death on a cross.

“And one story says that Simon, whom we know by the name of Peter, followed him all the way to Rome, and was crucified head downward in that city where the greatest cathedral in all the world stands to his memory.

“And these wonderful lives of service began to grow on this very lake shore that day long ago when Jesus said, ‘Come, follow me.’”

Dick had been looking down at the sand as he mechanically let it trickle through his fingers. His father’s words had been so earnest and it was all so vivid sitting here at the water’s edge that he felt if he looked up he might see the figure of a man coming toward them, and see in his face

## 206 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

that it was Jesus, and hear those words, "Come, follow me!"

"I know I would get right up and go, too," thought Dick, impulsively. "But I wonder where he would lead me, and what I would have to do."

Was there a glorious stranger coming along the shore when Dick raised his eyes? The lake was sparkling. The fisherman was turning homeward, and a boat with a single sail was starting lazily out from Tiberias. Yet to Dick it seemed, as they bowed their heads and his father led in their morning prayer, that truly the Man of Galilee stood beside them.

After breakfast they went into the town of Tiberias. They found their way to a little room where a Scotch missionary was holding a morning service. The congregation was made up of Syrians, Jews, Arabs, Americans, and English. The room was full and men stood about the door. Dick thought of that day when anxious friends brought a paralytic to Jesus and the crowd was too great to get in to the room where he was preaching. He looked up at the rudely constructed flat roof above him and saw how easily four eager men could tear a hole in it and let the sick man through.<sup>1</sup>

The missionary invited them to go with him through the mission hospital that afternoon. They found fine, large buildings set in a garden of trees and flowers. The wards were full of suf-

<sup>1</sup> Mark 2. 1-4.



fering people. They saw a little blind Jewish boy with his eyes bandaged after an operation; he was going to see again. There was a Syrian mother slowly recovering from tuberculosis, eagerly awaiting the day when she could see her baby again. A dark-faced Arab looked up at them from one of the beds. He had received a deep knife wound in a quarrel. But no matter what their race or character they were all receiving the same gentle ministry from the white uniformed nurses and the skilled physicians.

“This is what ‘following him’ means to-day in this particular place,” remarked Dick’s father. “There is a dreadful amount of sickness in Palestine, and these Christian nurses and doctors are carrying on Christ’s work of healing on the shores of Galilee and all through this region more effectively than Jesus could hope to do alone in his short ministry. And yet we know he is really working right with them as he does with all those who follow in his steps.”

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe Dick’s ride to Lake Galilee.
2. Tell the story of the calling of the first disciples.
3. What Christian work did Dick see in Tiberias?
4. What story did he think of when he saw the crowded room where the missionary spoke?

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A MOUNTAIN WHERE JESUS TAUGHT

"Do you know, Dick, we are on the very spot where they say Jesus stood when he called twelve men to him and told them he had chosen them to be his closest companions and to carry his message to others?"

Dick was sitting with his father on the summit of a great hill about five miles west of the Sea of Galilee. A broad view of valleys and hills lay before them. Through a gorge they could see the lake itself in the distance below. They had just climbed the hillside and were resting from their exertion.

"Were those men the twelve disciples?" asked Dick.

"Yes. You can find the names of all of them in the third chapter of Mark's Gospel. Four of them we know he had already called to be his disciples. Perhaps the others, too, had been following him. Most of them were plain working-men like those fishermen we saw pulling in their nets in Lake Galilee yesterday. Can you see the serious look on their faces as he told them they were to become more than mere followers now? they were to teach and preach to the people as he did?"

A flock of pigeons—hundreds of them—sud-



Copyright, 1900, by Harold Goffing

## THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

denly rose from the rocky gorge in the distance. "Look," said his father, "that gorge is called the Valley of the Pigeons. There are thousands of bird's nests in those walls. Those steep cliffs are a thousand feet high and are full of caves leading back from room to room through the rock. Shortly before Christ lived that place was held by a robber band. No one could get at them. They terrified the country around here. Finally the soldiers of Herod lowered great boxes full of men over the edge of the cliff to the cave entrances. There was hard fighting, but they destroyed the robbers."

Dick learned further that the mountain they were on was called the Horns of Hattin because it had two points; and that probably Jesus came here often to teach and to pray when he wanted to get away from the crowds.

"Listen to this, son." Dick's father was opening his Testament.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

"Blessed . . ."<sup>1</sup>

"The Beatitudes!" broke in Dick. "I learned

<sup>1</sup> Matthew 5. 3-12.

them by heart last year; at least I almost knew them. Is this where Jesus spoke them?"

"They say it was here," responded his father. "But, now listen again." He continued his reading. "'Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.'"<sup>1</sup>

"The Lord's Prayer, father! Did he teach that here, too?"

"Yes, and do you know this: 'All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them'?"<sup>2</sup>

"The Golden Rule," responded Dick, promptly.

"Yes, these verses are all parts of the greatest sermon that was ever preached. It covers three long chapters in Matthew's Gospel. Some persons claim that it has all of Jesus' teaching in a nutshell.

"But we really ought not to call it a sermon. Jesus sat here and talked to his disciples just as I am talking to you. He had chosen them, and now he was teaching them day by day how they should live, and what they should preach to other people. Sometimes he would take them off into a mountain like this where they could talk for hours without being interrupted. What an interesting teacher Jesus must have been to keep them so intensely interested! People never seemed to tire of listening to him, and the multitudes would follow him from place to place.

<sup>1</sup> Matthew 6. 9-15.

<sup>2</sup> Matthew 7. 12.

## 212 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

"Even the little children flocked about him. I imagine that even though they could not understand all the things he said they loved to watch his face; and sometimes he would put his arms about them and draw them up close to him,<sup>1</sup> for his heart reached out tenderly to all the girls and boys he saw. He knew, too, that they were the ones who would grow up to be men and women who could tell the gospel to the world long after he was gone."

"I should think even a very small boy could understand some of the things he said," suggested Dick. "You told me those stories like the good Samaritan and the prodigal son long ago, and I liked them."

"That is just it, Dick. Jesus spoke so simply that everyone could understand. He was always telling stories. Everyone likes a story, and his stories were always about things the people were interested in. Look at that story at the end of the Sermon on the Mount, about the house on the rock and the house on the sand.<sup>2</sup> Up here in the mountains the houses are built on rock bottom, and when a storm comes they are steady. But down in the valleys and on that sandy soil we saw along the coast many a mud hut has been carried away when the 'rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew' during the winter rainy season. These people knew that, and this story said plainer than words: 'Follow

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<sup>1</sup> Matthew 19. 13-15.

<sup>2</sup> Matthew 7. 24-27.

my teachings and your life will be strong and steady.'

"Besides stories he gave them proverbs to remember, short sayings like the Golden Rule that were not easily forgotten. Sometimes he would give several, beginning with the same word, like the 'Blesseds,' as some people call the Beatitudes. And over and over he talked about what these people were seeing every day—the flowers, the birds, the harvest fields, the market, the home life, weddings, and so on.

"And one thing I am sure made the people want to hear him. He said he had 'good news' for them. We always like to be with a person whose face is bright and happy and who has cheerful, encouraging things to say. The lives of most of the people then were dreary and discouraging and full of sickness. The world is full of just such people to-day, too. They went in crowds to hear Jesus because they were hungry for anything that would make life happier.

"How he comforted them! He was so sure that the Father in heaven loved them and cared for them. They only needed to turn to the Father and ask for help and He would give it. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"<sup>1</sup>

Dick and his father had had their own little "Sermon on the Mount," and it was time to start back to their camp on the lake shore. But once

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<sup>1</sup> Matthew 7. 7.

## 214 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

more they turned to see the view on which Jesus must have looked as he sat with his little group of closest companions about him.

"Do you see that flat stretch of land over there on the shore of Galilee?" asked his father. "That is the Plain of Gennesaret, where Jesus talked to multitudes of people more than once. That is where Matthew tells us he landed one morning after a stormy night on the lake when his disciples had been caught out in their boat. He had gone out to meet them and help them."<sup>1</sup>

"He took care of his followers every minute, besides teaching them and showing them how to do his work," thought Dick as they started down the slope. Out loud he said, "It must have been great to have a friend like that!"

"It was then, and it is now," came the answer, "for he is still a wonderful Friend to-day to everyone who seeks his friendship.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. What were the names of the twelve disciples? Where is the list to be found?
2. What are the Beatitudes and where were they spoken?
3. Why did Jesus spend so much time teaching the disciples?
4. Tell what Matthew says about Jesus and the Plain of Gennesaret.
5. Why did the people like to listen to Jesus?

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<sup>1</sup> Matthew 14. 22-27.



## CHAPTER XXVII

### WHERE A BOY'S LUNCH FED THOUSANDS

THE next day dawned gloriously bright, a perfect day for a trip on the water. Dick's father engaged a simple fisherman's boat for a day's excursion. It was a long, open boat, pointed at both ends, with one sail. At the stern was a tiny deck providing a small place of shelter underneath. It was very like the boats used in the time of Jesus.

Their party was made up of three English tourists, the dragoman, and four men to run the boat, besides themselves. When they started there was no breeze and two of the men rowed with strong, swift strokes. When they were tired the other two took their places.

They made a day of it. First to the north of Tiberias they passed a miserable little village called Mejdol. Dick learned that this was once called Magdala, and had been a prosperous town. Mary Magdalene had lived here whom Jesus cured of a strange trouble called by the townspeople "seven demons."<sup>1</sup> They passed slowly by the beautiful Plain of Gennesaret, that Dick had seen from a distance yesterday. It was now a

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<sup>1</sup>Luke 8. 2.

## 216 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

stretch of cultivated fields that showed promise of waving grain before many weeks. Could it be that Jesus once stood here facing hundreds of eager listeners? "I hope it was not in the summer time," thought Dick. "If it is as warm as this down here by Galilee in February, the sun on that plain must be scorching by June." To-day was as mild as spring.

A little further and they came to Tell Hum, where the ancient town of Capernaum stood long ago. For one whole year Jesus had made his home here. Dick thrilled at the thought of it. But he was disappointed at what he saw. The big, flourishing city of Jesus' time was gone. Only a few wretched huts remained near the spot.

They landed and were met by a Franciscan monk, who was in charge of excavating the remains of the old city. He showed them the work his men were doing, how they were digging down to unearth the ancient walls and to find anything that would tell them more about this sacred city where Jesus lived and taught and healed. Huge blocks of stone lay here and there, and pieces of what were once big pillars in some building. In the midst of these ruins stood the remains of a great Jewish synagogue. "It was probably here, Dick, that Jesus 'entered into the synagogue and taught,'" said Mr. Williams.

They read together the story of how the astonished Jews heard Jesus teaching in the synagogue for the first time; how a crazed man was

cured before them all; how Jesus hurried to the house of Simon and cured the mother of Simon's wife; and how finally the sick and crippled crowded about him all evening while he cured them.<sup>1</sup>

"He must have been dead tired after a day like that," remarked Dick.

"Yes, he helped people all day long where he was needed. But the Jews considered it wrong to heal on the Sabbath day, so most of them came to him after the sun had set. You know, the Jewish Sabbath ends at sundown. That probably kept him at his good work far into the night.

"It was no wonder that Jesus did not wish to face another such a day without going away by himself for awhile where he could talk it all over with his Father and get new strength and courage to go on. Mark tells us that 'In the morning, a great while before day, he rose up and went out, and departed into a desert place, and there prayed.' Perhaps it was into one of these hills off there outside of the town that he went before daybreak."

They went back to their boat. The boatmen had been fishing and had caught three fine fish, each over two pounds in weight. "Broiled fish for dinner!" exclaimed Mr. Williams. "I wish we could stop and fish too. This is one of the best fishing places on the lake.

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<sup>1</sup> Mark 1. 21-35.

## 218 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

"All of this northern end of the lake was lined with towns and villages when Jesus lived," said Dick's father. "It was a busy, prosperous place, and the lake was alive with boats. But now it is deserted. The old cities are gone. The woes that Jesus prophesied when they failed to heed his message have come true.<sup>1</sup> It is the southern end of the lake that shows signs of enterprise to-day. Tiberias is now the largest town, though Semakh at the foot of the lake shows promise of importance because of the railroad running through it between Haifa and Damascus."

As they passed along the shore they caught sight of more than one little inlet with the banks rising gently on each side where Jesus could have stood in a boat and talked to the crowds on both sides. At the north end where the Jordan flows into the lake they found the shores marshy and lined with reeds. Here, again, was a place where plenty of fish lurked, sometimes gathering in shoals.

As they reached the northeast shore it was far past the noon hour. They pulled up to an inviting spot and landed. The dragoman soon had the fish broiling on the coals of a good fire, and soon spread a tempting meal for the hungry group. They feasted and talked. One of the boatmen mended a torn place in his fishing net while the other three rolled over for a rest.

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<sup>1</sup> Matthew 11. 21-24.

Dick and his father strolled north along the shore. "Do you see that big rounding plain ahead of us back of the marshy lowland?" asked Mr. Williams. "One day Jesus took his disciples to that place to be alone with them. But the people found out where he was going. They hurried ahead and when he arrived there he found a multitude of five thousand men, besides women and children, to hear him preach. Most of them probably had come from Bethsaida, a big town to the north, of which nothing now remains. Some of them may have come across the lake in their boats.

"He saw how they wanted and needed him, so he talked to them about how they should live and about the great new Kingdom that was coming. They listened to him hungrily. Hour after hour they sat there. They did not notice how the time passed; they even forgot about mealtime. Finally the end of the day approached. They were far from home and had no food. 'We must feed them,' he said to his disciples.

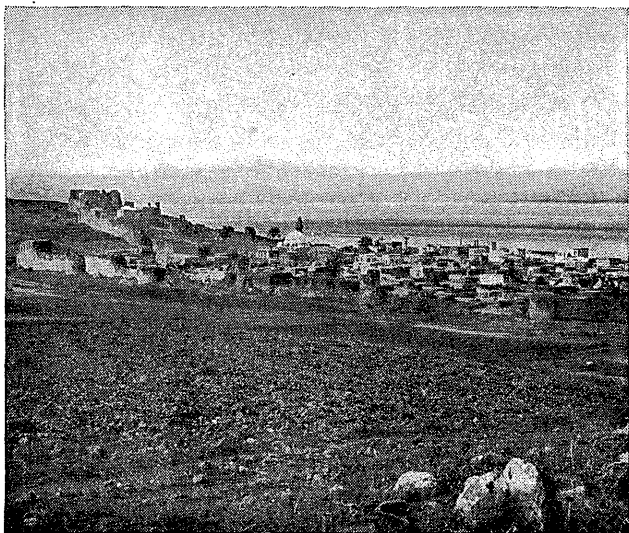
"They found a boy with two little fishes which he may have caught near here, and five little loaves of bread. It was all he had, but he gave them to the Master gladly. Jesus blessed that tiny basket of food, and when the disciples passed it around, lo and behold there was plenty for all who were there!"

"I wish I had been that boy!" put in Dick.

His father continued: "Jesus sent his disciples

## 220 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

back to Capernaum in a boat and then went up in those hills to pray. It had been another hard day and he needed another strengthening talk with the Father. That was the time that the disciples were caught in the storm, and Jesus, look-



TIBERIAS AND LAKE GALILEE

ing far out on the lake saw their distress and went to them."

"Wasn't there another story about a storm?" asked Dick.

"Yes, Luke tells us that once when Jesus was crossing the lake with his disciples a storm came up that threatened to swamp their boat. Jesus was sleeping at one end. They awoke him cry-

ing, 'Master, Master, we perish!' He rose and quieted the storm."

After a plunge in the lake the party started back. A gentle easterly breeze was blowing that filled their one sail. The sun was shining brightly and the sky was clear. Suddenly they heard the sound of thunder in the mountains. Big black clouds spread quickly from the north. The breeze died down to a dead calm.

Quickly the boatmen hauled down the sail and took to the oars, rowing furiously. They had barely passed the middle of the lake when a gale of wind swept down upon them, whipping the eastern half they had just left into white foam. They were caught in the fringe of it. Ahead of them the water was quiet.

The muscles stood out in the backs of the men as they strove to keep the tossing boat steady. Showers of spray flew upon them as they hit the oncoming waves. One extra boatman asleep under the little deck was aroused to be ready for action. Torrents of rain began to fall. At last, with a few more long pulls, they shot into the still waters along the western shore.

Dick drew a long breath. He had been too absorbed with watching to be afraid. But when they at last reached land still excited with their narrow escape he turned to his father with shining eyes, and exclaimed, "Weren't you thinking all the time of that story of Jesus and his disciples in the storm? I asked him

## 222 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

to help us as he helped his disciples in that other storm."

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe the fishermen's boats of Jesus' time.
2. What story did Dick and his father read in the midst of the ruins of the synagogue?
3. Read Matthew 11. 21-24 to learn the names of flourishing towns that were on the shores of Galilee in Jesus' time.
4. Find the place in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John that tell about the feeding of the five thousand.
5. How do you think the boy felt who gave his lunch basket to Jesus?
6. Why did Dick think about Jesus and the disciples during the storm?



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

"THINK of it, Dick, scarcely more than a week left of your long visit in Palestine! Yet this one week perhaps will be to you the most important of the entire year. Try to imagine you are a Jewish boy in Jerusalem twenty centuries ago. You are watching, with the crowds which surge into the city from all directions, for the coming of a great Man."

Dick and his father were walking in the streets of Jerusalem once more. From all sides came the hum of voices and the soft, thick sound of many sandals and bare feet on the stone pavements. The streets were crowded. They jostled against silken-robed priests, dark-skinned peasants, Bedouins from the desert, and long-bearded Jewish fathers. For it was nearing the Passover Week. Next Tuesday would begin the seven-day Jewish festival to commemorate the flight of their fathers from Egypt under Moses. Twenty centuries ago at this time Jesus, having "set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem," though he knew it meant a cruel death, came to the city, was crucified, and rose in triumph.

Several weeks had passed since Dick's return from the never-to-be-forgotten trip in Galilee,

and the day on the lake in the exciting storm. They had not left Galilee for three days after that. They had taken long walks among the hills where Jesus no doubt once talked to the multitudes. They had done some successful fishing, followed by appetizing suppers on the shore, and long talks by the coals of the camp fire under the stars.

Jesus once talked to his disciples by a camp fire. In fact, every place Dick and his father turned in those days, everything they did, brought a reminder of the wonderful Man of Galilee who had so loved that very lake and the hills about it, and the humble people who lived on the shore.

No wonder that whenever Dick sat on the shore or on a hillside among the flowers and opened his New Testament, there from the pages was his new Friend talking directly to him.

But at last they had packed up their kits and reluctantly started away. As they took a last long look back at the lake sparkling in the sunshine Dick's father had remarked, "Now we can know a little of how sad Jesus was when he turned away from Galilee. This was the dearest place on earth to him."

"Then why did he go, father?" asked Dick, quickly. "There were such crowds of people to preach to here."

"Yes, but the spirit of those crowds changed. They expected him to be a great king here on

earth and to make the Jews powerful over other nations. But Jesus told them his kingdom was not that kind, and that God, the real King, was more than a king, he was a loving Father to everyone on earth, and so all the people in the world were his children, and brothers to one another.

"But that did not suit the Jews. Many lost their enthusiasm and left him. Then, too, the learned men called scribes and Pharisees were jealous of Jesus and worked against him. This opposition led Jesus to turn aside more and more from the crowds over whom he yearned, and to spend time training his disciples in quiet places for the work they must do as preachers when he was gone.

"One night he took Peter, James, and John alone with him up the side of snow-capped Hermon. And there while he prayed God came so near to him that, as the Bible tells us, 'He was transfigured before them; and His garments became glistening, exceeding white, . . . and there came a voice out of the cloud, This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him.' We call that vision the 'Transfiguration.' "

And so as Dick and his father jogged along the road back toward Jerusalem they had gone over many of the happenings in Jesus' life as told in the Gospels. Mr. Williams seemed to know them all and loved to tell them. The journey back seemed a very short one.

And now here they were in the city in the midst of the eager crowd. It was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. To-morrow would be Palm Sunday. Dick thought of the church at home with the palms banked around the altar and the beautiful music that would be sung. He welcomed his father's suggestion that they should walk over to Bethany, spend a night out in the open, and return with the procession of Christian pilgrims the next day.

They carried full lunch kits and blankets. What would be more natural as they tramped along than Dick's question, "Won't you tell me the story of Palm Sunday?"

"It was the time of Jesus' final visit to Jerusalem," Mr. Williams began. "Not until he was ready to end his preaching and teaching would he go into the city itself. He knew that the priests and Pharisees, and even Herod, the Roman king, were afraid of him and were plotting to capture him.

"He decided to reach Jerusalem at the time of the Passover. To the crowds of people gathered for the feast, which he as a loyal Jew wished also to attend, he would make one last plea for God's kingdom, even if it meant a terrible death.

"Down through the region by the Jordan River to Jericho he came, preaching and healing as he went. He led the rapidly increasing crowd through the wilderness and up the steep road from Jericho to Jerusalem.

"The multitude waited while he rested at the dear home in Bethany. Then on he went, this time on a borrowed ass. There was an old Jewish prophecy which said, 'Behold thy King cometh unto thee . . . lowly, and riding upon an ass, even upon a colt, the foal of an ass.'<sup>1</sup> And when the people saw Jesus appear, quick as a flash they recalled these words and thought they recognized their king riding in triumph to Jerusalem.

"Immediately they were all enthusiasm. They sang and shouted; they spread their garments in his way and tore branches from the trees to carpet the road in front of him. As they rounded the crest of the Mount of Olives in sight of Jerusalem, behold another great company, who, learning of his approach, had come out from the city to meet him waving palm branches and singing, 'Hosanna to the son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest!'

"And thus Jesus rode as a King into the sacred city of his people. So great was the multitude about him and so loud their rejoicing, that his enemies, the Pharisees, exclaimed bitterly, 'Lo the world is gone after him.'

"But Jesus was not deceived. He knew his days were numbered. He had work to do, and he must do it quickly before it was too late."

In silence father and son continued their walk until they reached the summit of the hill, where

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<sup>1</sup>Zech. 9. 9.

## 228 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

a view of the entire city of Jerusalem stretched out before them as they turned to look back.

Dick could pick out the buildings and places he knew. How plainly the Dome of the Rock stood out in the open space about it! In the wall in front of it the Golden Gate was barely visible. In Jesus' time that gate had been open and pilgrims thronged up through it to the Temple. Not far away was the Tower of Antonia, where the Turkish governor used to live. Over to the right was Saint Stephen's Gate, by which they had left the city. Down the bare hillside they could see broken terraces once thickly covered with olive trees.

"To this spot," the father continued, "Jesus often must have come to find a quiet place, and it was perhaps not far from here that in that last week of his life He looked over at the city he loved and wept as only a strong man can weep when he has failed to save some one very dear from a terrible doom. 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets,' he sorrowed, 'and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!' Not many years later Jerusalem, the pride of the Jews, was completely destroyed by the Romans."

The trip to Bethany was all that Dick had anticipated. They found the once beautiful little town a mere group of hovels filled with poor,

## A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION 229

untidy inhabitants. But the travelers ate heartily from their lunch kits and then spread out their blankets for a good sleep on the hillside. The next day they took the easier route back around the mountain. They timed their walk so as to join the great company of Christians holding a Palm Sunday service on the Mount of Olives. They took their place in the procession as it turned toward Jerusalem at the sunset hour, and their hearts thrilled with the singing and waving of palms as they remembered that day long ago when Jesus led the way while the crowd sang, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Why did Jesus leave Galilee?
2. Tell the story of the Transfiguration.
3. Why did Dick and his father go to Bethany before Palm Sunday?
4. Describe Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem.

## LESSON XXIX

### TWO SACRED MEMORIALS

"FATHER," asked Dick, looking up from the letter he was writing, "does the Passover Week of the Jews always come at the same time as our Holy Week?" It was Monday, the day after their walk from Bethany. They were sitting together in their hotel room.

"Almost the same time, Richard. For the first three hundred years after Christ lived they were always celebrated together. Then, in the year three hundred and twenty-five, a decree of the church changed the date of Easter. Yet the two festivals still occur at the same season of the year and frequently overlap. Their dates vary from year to year, for they are determined by the movements of the sun and the moon. Easter, you remember, is sometimes in March and sometimes in April. The same is true of the Passover.

"This year the first day of the Passover comes to-morrow, the Tuesday before Easter. Consequently, Passover Week and Holy Week begin only two days apart. That is almost as it was the last year of Jesus' life. He ate the Passover Supper on Thursday night.

"Shall we think for a moment of how Jesus lived those last days which we commemorate as



Holy Week? You remember from the Bible story that he spent his last week at Jerusalem, where he had come for the Passover. He came into the city, as you know, on what we now call Palm Sunday. Monday and Tuesday he taught and healed in the Temple and in the streets of the city. On Wednesday and Thursday he spent much of his time alone either at Bethany or on the Mount of Olives. He needed to think and to pray for strength for the coming days. Then on Thursday night he and his disciples ate the Passover Supper together in an upper room. That is what we call the 'Last Supper.' Afterward he led his disciples to the Garden of Gethsemane to pray, and there he was taken prisoner.

"On the next day, Friday, he gave his life on the cross. That day is known as 'Good Friday,' because the death of Jesus showed to all the world the marvelous love of God. The following Sunday was the resurrection morning which we celebrate in all of our churches as Easter Sunday."

Dick was quiet for a moment. "Did Jesus have only four days to preach in Jerusalem before the Pharisees stopped him?" he asked.

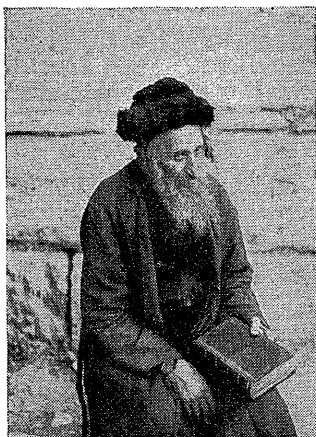
"Only four days, son. And though he knew he was surrounded by enemies he was fearless. He dared to take a whip of cords and drive out of the Temple court the men who were turning it into a market place.<sup>1</sup> He dared to warn the

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<sup>1</sup> Mark 11. 15-17.

## 232 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

people against the wrongdoing of the scribes and Pharisees 'who desire to walk in long robes and to have chief seats in the synagogues and chief places at feasts.'<sup>1</sup> He dared to claim openly that he was the Messiah, the leader whom the prophets



A JEWISH FATHER

had promised to the Jews.<sup>2</sup> His enemies would have seized him on the spot if they had had the courage to face him in the open. Instead, they waited to take him in a lonely place in the dark of night, at the time when most Jews were in their homes observing the Passover Feast."

"Do they still have a real Passover Supper here during Passover Week?"

"Yes, Dick. Would you like to see one? Tonight is Passover Eve. Ezra Solomon, a Christian Jew, has secured an invitation for us to come to the home of a friend of his for the Passover Supper. Shall we accept?"

Such a privilege was too important to be refused. So that evening the supper hour found

<sup>1</sup> Mark 12. 38-40.

<sup>2</sup> Mark 14. 61-62.

Dick and his father in the living room of a Jewish family. They were treated with the utmost courtesy and given seats where they could see all that took place. The room was brightly lighted. Everyone was dressed in his best. All of the family were present, including the servants.

They took their places around a long table. The father, as head of the family, reclined on a couch at one end. The others sat in chairs. On the table Dick saw a plate with three little flat pieces of bread that looked like crackers. They were made from white flour without any yeast and were called "unleavened bread." On a platter lay part of a shoulder of lamb and also an egg, both of which had been roasted over coals just as in olden times they were roasted on the altar of the Temple. Another dish was filled with wild lettuce—"bitter herbs," as it was called. Beside it was a bowl of sauce. Before each place was a cup for wine.

Dick could not understand all of the solemn service that followed. He saw the cups filled and a reverent blessing pronounced as everyone stood in his place. He saw the father take the herbs, dip them in the sauce, and pass them around the table with a blessing. He saw him break the unleavened bread and take up the bone of meat and the egg in some regular order of ceremony.

What interested Dick most was the place in the service where the son in the family, a lad of about sixteen, turned to his father and asked the

## 234 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

meaning of the Passover. The father solemnly answered his question. The meaning of the Hebrew words Dick learned from his father:

“The paschal sacrifice is offered because the Lord passed over the houses of our ancestors in Egypt, in accordance with Exodus 7. 27; the unleavened bread is eaten because our ancestors were redeemed from Egypt before they had time to leaven their dough, and the bitter herbs are eaten because the Egyptians embittered the lives of our ancestors. . . . We are, therefore, in duty bound to thank, praise, adore, glorify, extol, honor, bless, exalt, and reverence him who wrought all these miracles for our forefathers and for us; for he brought us forth from bondage to freedom, he changed our sorrow into joy, our mourning into a feast, he led us from darkness into a great light, and from servitude to redemption. Let us, therefore, sing in his presence Hallelujah.”

They recited psalms in chorus. No one hesitated on a single word, so familiar were they with the verses, and the effect was very impressive. After supper another part of the service attracted Dick's special attention. A cup of wine was poured out for the prophet Elijah, whom the Jews consider the greatest prophet of the promised Messiah. There followed a deep stillness; then a door was gently opened to let the great prophet come in to the feast. It seemed as if they really expected him, or was it the Messiah

for whom they looked, the one they still hoped might come to save their people?

The Passover service concluded with a hymn and Dick and his father slipped quietly away. As they walked back to the hotel Mr. Williams remarked: "The Jews are still earnestly looking for their Messiah, Dick, for their Saviour. But we know that he has already come, and on that long-ago Passover night he sat with his disciples in an upper room in this city and ate the Passover Supper. He, the great Messiah, before the supper, took a bowl of water and a towel and washed his disciples' feet.<sup>1</sup> He wanted them to see that being truly great meant loving and helping others even in the humblest ways. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.'<sup>2</sup>

"How he loved his disciples! He knew it was his last meal with them. He told them he was going away. They did not understand. Big, burly Peter spoke up: 'Lord, I am going with you. I will not leave you. I would lay down my life for you.'

" 'Would you?' said Jesus, gently. 'Before morning you may think differently. But I believe in you, Peter. You will follow me later.'

"He saw the dismay in their faces. What would they do without their leader? 'But I will

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<sup>1</sup> John 13. 3-5.

<sup>2</sup> John 13. 35.

<sup>3</sup> John 13. 36-38.

come again. I will take care of you,' he comforted them. 'Do not be afraid.'<sup>1</sup>

"Then, at the last, he took up the Passover cup and the pieces of unleavened bread and passed them to each one. 'Drink this and eat this,' he said, 'in remembrance of me. I am giving my life for you.'<sup>2</sup>

"And always since that night those who love him and want to follow him meet at certain times to remember him in this special way. We call it the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

These last words lingered in Dick's mind during the following days—"Those who love him and want to follow him meet at certain times to remember him in this special way." He thought of them again as three nights later he started with his father to a little Protestant church not far away.

It was late when they reached the door, and they found the company inside already kneeling in prayer. Dick saw before the altar a table spread. He knew it was the communion table and that beneath that cloth were plates of broken bread and cups of grape juice. Following the prayer a hush fell upon the company. The leader read the words of Jesus at the Last Supper. Then the invitation was given to come to the Lord's table in remembrance of him. While the organ played softly the old familiar hymns that

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<sup>1</sup> John 14. 1-3.

<sup>2</sup> Luke 22. 19-20.

Dick knew so well the people moved quietly forward about the altar.

"May I go, too, father?" whispered Dick.

"Yes, Richard, if you love him and are trying to follow him."

Dick rose without hesitation, and father and son knelt together to share the sacrament. When it was over there was a queer happiness in Dick's heart. It was as if he had had a chance to pledge his loyalty to the Friend he had found beside the lake in Galilee. He belonged to the company of Christ's followers more surely than he ever had before.

After the service Dick and his father joined a group, and just as Jesus and his disciples did two thousand years ago, they left the city, crossed the Kidron Valley and went up the slope of the Mount of Olives.<sup>1</sup> They passed the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus on that last night, while his weary disciples slept, poured out his lonely heart in prayer to his Father in heaven, and where later the soldiers, armed to the teeth and led by Judas, sought and seized him.<sup>2</sup>

On up the slope our little company went until they found a place where they could talk and sing. The moon was shining, casting its white light over the domes of the city. The hour was late and a stillness had settled down on the city and the surrounding hills. Could it be possible

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<sup>1</sup> John 18. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Luke 22. 39-48, 54.

## 238 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

that the Saviour had knelt at this hour among the ancient olive trees in the garden below them? Softly the little group began to sing:

“ 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow  
The star is dim that lately shone:  
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.”

At first Dick joined with the others. Then the moonlight became unreal. The city and the gardens and the hills faded from sight. His head dropped on his father's shoulder, and, like the disciples of old, he too, fell asleep exhausted with the experiences of the day.

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe the Passover Supper that Dick saw.
2. What does the sacrament of the Lord's Supper commemorate?
3. Why was it right for Dick to go to partake of the communion? What did it mean to him?
4. Describe the close of Dick's day.



## CHAPTER XXX

### THE WAY OF THE CROSS

DICK scarcely recalled how he reached the hotel and tumbled into bed after the moonlight visit to the Mount of Olives. But the events of that Thursday evening, the solemn service at the little church, and the hymns on the hillside, stood out clearly in his mind as he woke on the morning of Good Friday.

It was another day of strange, impressive sights. Dick saw the constant stream of pilgrims going from one sacred place to another in and about Jerusalem. He saw the churches and synagogues crowded at all the services. But one scene above all others impressed itself upon his memory.



A STREET IN JERUSALEM

## 240 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

"See, father, what are those people doing down there?" he asked, as they were standing in an upper window overlooking one of the main streets. A strange crowd was struggling through the narrow way from the direction of the Tower of Antonia on the east side of the city. Those marching in front carried on their shoulders a huge wooden cross such as Jesus may have borne. Tears streamed down the cheeks of some of the followers. Others were kissing the stones along the way.

"They are carrying the cross to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher," Dick's father explained. "They believe that it was in the Tower of Antonia that Jesus stood before the Roman ruler, Pontius Pilate, that night when he was condemned to death. And they believe, too, that he was crucified and buried on the spot where the Church of the Holy Sepulcher now stands. If that was so, then this is the very street, the Via Doloroso, or 'The Way of Sorrow,' as it is called, along which Jesus may have dragged his great cross toward Golgotha. These people are carrying the cross to-day in memory of that terrible procession so long ago.

"We cannot be sure just where our Lord was crucified. In recent years we have come to think that a hill north of the city was perhaps the real Golgotha. Yet whatever street Jesus may have followed on that dreadful day, this procession we are watching helps us to see how it happened.

"You remember that when Jesus stood before Pilate all of his disciples had deserted him. Even Peter, in spite of what he had said at the Supper the night before, had been frightened into declaring, 'I do not know him.' Pilate had let the soldiers scourge Jesus with whips. They had crushed a crown of thorns down on his head and put purple robes on him to mock him; for had he not said that he was king? Even in the face of death he had said to Pilate about his kingship, 'To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.' But he had previously declared, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' Other than this he said very little, although he showed no signs of fear. He put his shoulder under the cross without a word and struggled along with it, followed by the howling, jeering mob until, weak with suffering, he stumbled and fell and a man was called in to help him."

"It takes more than one man to carry that cross down there," Dick remarked, watching the crowd below, where every one seemed eager to touch and help lift the rough wooden beams.

"Finally they reached Golgotha, the 'Place of a Skull,' it was called," continued Mr. Williams, "and they put Jesus upon his cross and lifted him up between two thieves. It is not easy for us to realize how keenly he suffered. He had poured out every hour of every day of his life in helping people. Yet his friends did not dare to lift a

hand to help him now. Surely, he must have felt that all the world had forsaken him.

“Yet, even in his loneliness and terrible pain he kept on thinking of others. He was still a true king in his kingdom of love and helpfulness. He called John, the disciple who had been his dearest friend, and asked him to take Mary, his mother, and care for her always. He helped one of the thieves by his side to die with hope in his heart. And, looking down on the priests and rulers who hated him and thought they were destroying him forever, he prayed, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’

“As he died the skies darkened, an earthquake shook the ground, buildings rocked, and stones fell. The people beat upon their breasts in terror, and the very soldiers who had jeered him before said, ‘Surely this is a righteous man.’ Then a man from Arimathæa, named Joseph, went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. He and other friends took Jesus from the cross and wrapped him tenderly in a linen cloth and laid him in Joseph’s own family tomb hewn in the solid rock. They rolled a great stone before the entrance and went sadly away, thinking that all their glad hopes of the new kingdom were gone for all time.

“It may have looked as if Jesus were without a friend that day. But there were really hundreds of humble people in the city who loved him dearly. They went slowly back to their homes

that night with breaking hearts. Their Master, their Leader, their wonderful Friend, was gone! How could it be?"

The procession had passed. Dick and his father went down into the street again. "Go on with the story," pleaded Dick. "Don't stop there."

His father smiled. "I feel that way, too, Dick. I never like to read about the death of Jesus without going on to the resurrection. Shall we go back to our room and go over the whole story together? Then we will be ready for a glorious Easter Sunday, our last Sunday in Palestine."

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. How is Good Friday remembered in Jerusalem to-day.
2. Tell the story of the capture of Jesus.
3. What disciple betrayed him? What disciple denied that he knew him.
4. What does the crucifixion of Jesus mean to us?

## CHAPTER XXXI

### EASTER IN JERUSALEM

"FATHER, surely they can't get another person in here," exclaimed Dick, excitedly. "Look at those men on that narrow ledge! Won't they fall off?"

They were in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It was Easter Eve, and they had been waiting for what seemed hours for the ceremony of the Holy Fire, the great Easter service held every year at Jerusalem. The big church was filled to suffocation. Wooden seats had been built up tier upon tier against the marble walls. These benches were packed with people. The crowd surged back and forth in the aisles and some of the most daring ones were clinging to the cornices high overhead. It was this last group which roused Dick's excited remark.

Dick had been in the old church before with his father, so he already knew that the little chapel in the center under the high dome was said to cover the tomb where Jesus had lain. It was built of beautiful marble. Rich silk curtains hung about it. On each side were great candlesticks, the tallest Dick had yet seen, while above it were suspended gold and jeweled lamps of different sizes and shapes. They had looked through the



MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHER

open door of the Holy Sepulcher and seen two rooms. In the center room stood a marble altar.

"That is the place where the angel is said to have appeared on the resurrection morning and announced, 'He is risen,'" Mr. Williams explained. "So this room is called the 'Chapel of the Angel.' The room beyond is supposed to contain the tomb itself."

It was this second little room that the entire company in the church was watching on this evening before Easter. They waited with candles and tapers in their hands for the Holy Fire that would soon appear from within it.

At last the procession of priests in bright-colored robes entered the church. At sight of them the crowds became more and more excited. They shouted and sang. They climbed upon one another's shoulders and moved about the church chanting in Arabic.

Suddenly, at the height of the uproar, a bell sounded and a small flame appeared at an opening in the sepulcher. The Holy Fire! Quickly a priest lit his candle at the sacred flame. Like a flash the light spread from taper to taper through the multitude. The place was filled with light from thousands of tapers. The people were wild with excitement. They passed the sacred flame over hands and face. The church was soon thick with smoke, and candle grease was dripping everywhere.

A special candle was lighted, placed in a lan-



tern, and quickly handed to a horseman outside, who carried the sacred fire with all speed to the altar of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Other lanterns were sent to villages at a distance.

It was a strange-looking, sooty crowd which finally poured out of the church. But they were satisfied; they had seen and felt the "Holy Fire."

The whole performance dazed and astonished Dick. "Where does the fire come from?" was his first excited question as they came outside into the fresh air again.

"Well, Dick," said his father, "those who understand all about it know that some priest inside of the tomb starts the flame, but many, many people think that the fire comes direct from heaven in some wonderful way. All this noise and excitement seems a strange way to celebrate the resurrection of our Lord, doesn't it? But the service has a real and beautiful meaning if we stop to think about it. Jesus' life was a great light in the world, a sacred flame. Each of us is a candle that may catch some of that light and pass it on to others if we will."

They made their way through the crowds back to their hotel. Dick's sleep that night was a short one. Early the next morning his father roused him. "It is Easter morning, son. Shall we visit a place where we may find some of the real Easter spirit?"

They walked through the city in the gray dawn, going out by the Damascus Gate. They

## 248 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

followed the road eastward along the wall and then north to a grassy slope overlooking the city.

"This hilltop," said Mr. Williams, "is called the 'New Calvary.' We are coming to believe that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher was, after all, not the true place where our Lord suffered. We have more reason to believe that right on this spot he was crucified. Can you imagine the three crosses standing here facing south? From his cross Jesus looked out over the city he had longed to save. Can you see Mary, his mother, standing near looking up at her son with breaking heart? Can you picture the soldiers casting lots for his garments at the foot of the cross. Here it all seems so real."

They stood in silence a moment. Dick reached up and pulled off his hat. As he looked up he saw that his father's head too was bare.

Another group of Christians—English-speaking they were—had also made their way to this place and stood near by. Dick heard them singing softly and reverently one of the old hymns he had often heard at home:

"There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all."

As the last words died away Dick felt his father's hand on his shoulder. "Come, there is something more you must see."

They walked around to the southwestern side of the hill and entered a carefully kept garden. The sun just appearing across the hills brought out the bright colors of a mass of lovely flowers. Here they came to what seemed to be a rocky cave in the hillside.

"What is it, father?" asked Dick, as Mr. Williams stopped without speaking. "Can it be—is it the real tomb? The one where Joseph of Arimathæa laid Jesus?"<sup>1</sup>

"Less than forty years ago," his father answered, "General Gordon, a great British officer and a strong Christian man, discovered this tomb, and was convinced that this was where Jesus lay. We cannot prove it, but there is a possibility that General Gordon was right."

"Then they did not carry Jesus far when they brought him from the cross," put in Dick.

"No, they may have laid him here and rolled the stone across the opening. The round stone for this tomb seems to be gone, but doubtless a stone was specially cut for it and rolled into place along a regular groove. It was a huge boulder and when once across the entrance it must have seemed to the friends of Jesus that all hope of ever seeing him again was gone.

"The day after Christ was buried was a day of deepest gloom for all of his followers. It was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, so no one came to the tomb. Then on the morning of the first day

<sup>1</sup> Matthew 27. 57-60.

## 250 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

of the week, which we now call Sunday, the most wonderful thing in the world happened. Early in the morning, while it was still dark, those who had loved Jesus the most dearly ventured out of the city. Probably they came by the Damascus Gate, as we did. First came Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus, and one other woman. What was their astonishment to find the great stone rolled away and Jesus gone!

"The women ran back and met Peter and John and told the news. They thought at first that the body had been stolen.<sup>1</sup> But soon they knew differently. Matthew tells us that an angel appeared to the women and commanded them, 'Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples, He is risen from the dead; and lo, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the tomb with great fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word. And behold Jesus met them saying, All hail! And they came and took hold of his feet and worshiped him.'

"After that Jesus made himself known to one after another until his followers knew that he was truly living and they could go forth as he commanded and tell the whole world the wonderful

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<sup>1</sup> Luke 24. 1-12.

story about him. Shall we, too, stoop and look into the tomb on this Easter day?"

Dick stepped with his father into the rock-hewn inclosure. Solid rock was all about them. On one side, hollowed out of the wall, was a place for one body to lie. Did the crucified body of Jesus really lie there at one time? How much Dick would have given to be really sure!

"I like to believe that this was the place," said Mr. Williams. "And yet, after all, son, the big thing that counts is not where they put his body after he was crucified. The great fact is that somehow, when we talk to him and think about him and try to live like him, the first thing we know he is close to us helping us."

Again in the distance they heard their English friends singing. This time a hymn of joy:

"Christ the Lord is risen again;  
Christ hath broken every chain.  
Hark! angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord!"

#### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe the ceremony of the Holy Fire.
2. Why did such a service seem strange for an Easter celebration?
3. Where did Dick go on Easter morning?
4. Tell the Easter story.
5. What does Easter mean to us?

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE END OF THE TRIP

"How much longer have we to wait?" asked Dick, anxiously.

"Let me see." Mr. Williams pulled his watch from his pocket. "The train is half an hour late, they say. That gives us just thirty-five minutes to spend as best we can."

"O, it seems like hours," groaned Dick. "What can we do all that time!"

Dick and his father were pacing the long platform in the railroad station at Rome. Yes, they were really in Rome, Italy, far away from sunny Palestine. And the train they were waiting for was coming from Naples, where it had met the steamer that brought across the Atlantic Ocean the two most precious persons in the world to these two travelers—little Ruth and her mother! Mr. Williams had kept this plan a secret from Dick until they reached Rome, and now Dick could hardly contain himself in his eagerness to see them.

They found a bench in a quiet corner and began to talk over their trip from Palestine to Rome. On that bright April morning, a week ago, when they had taken the little train from

Jerusalem, the country had looked very different to Dick from the place they had come to last October. The brown, dry meadows had disappeared. Instead, as they reached the coast plain, broad green and yellow harvest fields hurried by their train window, and whole carpets of gay flowers lay spread out before them.

They had seen harvesters cutting and binding the grain. In some places this was being done by hand, as in the time of harvest hundreds of years ago. In other places, especially in the new Jewish towns of Zionists, they saw real harvesting machines like those used in America, mowing down the yellow fields and tossing the sheaves aside in orderly rows.

Near one village they caught sight of an old-fashioned threshing floor, a big open space where grain was thrown on the ground and oxen made to walk over and over it until all the kernels were crushed off the stalks. This had already been done on this threshing floor, and now the men were tossing the grain high in the air. The train passed near enough for Dick to see the kernels falling to the ground while the wind carried away the useless straw. It made him think of some words in a psalm he had learned once about "the wicked are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." The man who wrote it had seen this very kind of threshing in those long-ago days.

At Ludd they had changed trains for Haifa, where they were to take their boat. They had

## 254 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

found Haifa a busy, growing town, with a broad, sandy beach and a harbor full of ships. Above it loomed Mount Carmel, bringing back to Dick's mind the stories of Elijah.

"At one time hundreds of years ago, this shore was lined with the tents of men in shining armor, who had bows and arrows for weapons," said Mr. Williams, "for this was one of the places where the crusaders landed prepared to fight for the Holy Sepulcher."

As they at last started away on the steamer and Dick stood on deck watching the shores disappear his father remarked:

"It was not far from here that the first great Christian missionary once said good-by to Palestine, not knowing whether he would ever see it again. He sailed from Cæsarea, a little to the south of us. Do you know whom I mean?"

And so it was they began to talk about Paul whose name at first was Saul.

"He was not one of the twelve disciples, was he, father?" asked Dick.

"No, he never even saw Jesus. Don't you remember how at first he hated the Christians and how he helped to persecute them when they began their missionary work? And then you know how one day when he had started from Jerusalem to Damascus—probably out that very gate we went through so many times—he heard God calling him, and he turned completely away from his old life and became an earnest Christian.



"He was so glad and strong in following Jesus that he was very sure that all the world should know about him. So he spent the rest of his life in traveling from place to place telling the gospel story and starting Christian churches. If they drove him out at one city, he would go to the next one and keep on preaching. Once his friends had to let him down over the city wall in a basket so he could escape to safety. Our New Testament contains many letters called 'epistles' which he wrote to churches or to persons encouraging them and giving advice."

"But why did he go away from Palestine?" Dick had asked.

"Because he could not help himself," was the answer. "When he sailed away from Cæsarea he was a prisoner under guard and he was being taken to Rome to be tried for his life. His enemies, who hated all Christians, had finally seized him."

Their ship had passed the island of Cyprus, where Paul did some of his first missionary work. Later they had sailed by the little island of Crete, and Dick's father described the dangerous shipwreck that had overtaken Paul and his guards on their last journey.<sup>1</sup>

"They were caught in a storm and driven for days before the wind, not knowing where they were. Paul was the one man in the ship who remained calm and kept up the courage of the

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<sup>1</sup>Acts 27, 28.

## 256 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

others. When they finally landed on an unfamiliar shore it might have been an opportunity for Paul to escape, but he refused to take advantage of his guards. Instead, he stayed by and helped them."

And now Dick and his father were at last in Rome, the city where Paul had finally arrived after his long and eventful journey. They had not had time yet to see much of Rome. There were certain places, however, that Dick would never forget. His father had taken him to visit the ruins of the old Coliseum, a huge stone stadium built around a circular pit like an athletic field, where once were held great sporting contests and games. Many of the sports were cruel. It was here that in those early days Christians were thrown to the wild beasts while multitudes of people looked on.

As Dick looked at the broken and crumbling walls he tried to picture the terrible scene. He wondered at the courage of the first Christians. Could he ever have faced those lions? What a forlorn and helpless group of people the Christians must have seemed in those days!

Then Dick had gone with his father to see the Saint Peter's Cathedral, the largest and most magnificent church in the world. They had stood a few moments looking at it from the outside.

"Those first Christians may have seemed weak, but see what has come of their faith!" remarked Mr. Williams. "If Paul and Peter and all of

those first disciples should come to earth to-day and see the big churches and hospitals and schools that have grown out of their work, I wonder what they would say?"

And so, as Dick and his father talked together in the station about what they had seen they came back again to that same question:

"I wish they could come and see it all," said Dick, impulsively.

"But we must keep remembering, Richard, that the work is really just begun, and Jesus is expecting every one of us who knows him to be his missionaries to-day wherever we are and whatever we are doing."

"Father, quick, there comes the train!" Dick jumped from his seat and raced down the platform. A train was certainly puffing its way into the station. It came to a stop. The doors on the side flew open. With a whoop of joy Dick spied his mother and Ruth and rushed upon them. Mr. Williams, too, almost lost his dignity in the happiness of the meeting.

They gathered the baggage together, hailed a cab, and were soon whirling off to the hotel. Once in their rooms what hours were spent in telling all that had happened in the past months!

That night Dick's mother tucked him into bed once more. "Dick," she said, as she leaned over for a good-night kiss, "I can see by your face that you have learned to know a Friend in the Holy Land as you never knew him before."

## 258 TRAVEL BOOK FOR JUNIORS

Dick had no words to answer, but he gave his mother's hand a squeeze. She understood.

"Perhaps," she added, "some time you can go and see what that Friend is doing and has done in other lands that need him so much."

### THINGS TO FIND OUT:

1. Describe the old way of threshing in Palestine. Can you name the psalm that Dick remembered when he saw the threshers?
2. Tell the story of Paul's shipwreck.
3. How can every Christian be a missionary?
4. Find in your Bible some of the epistles written by Paul.
5. In what way had Dick learned to know the great Friend better?



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